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Things in General.

THE brethren of the Toronto General Ministerial Association have taken the right course in asking the Legislature for a workable anti-gambling law, and if, as suggested at their meeting, lawyers are asked to assist and the County Crown Attorney consulted, some good may come out of the agitation. Even if a workable law is not the result, experience in trying to get one may enlighten the committee as to the difficulties which confront the police and the prosecutors in trying to suppress a pursuit which in its rudimentary forms is recognized as a legitimate pastime. Playing cards is not a sin in itself; neither is taking a glass of beer a vice. Gambling in the first instance and drunkenness in the second certainly should be suppressed, but the great question is how to do it. Are cards, checkers, chess, poker chips, roulette wheels, race horses, grain and stock exchanges, all to be piled in one heap and burned together that men may gamble no more? It is quite as logical a method of going to work as that adopted by the prohibitionists, who ask for the total suppression of strong drink in order that men may be sober. If the Creator had followed this plan there would have been no apple in Eden, in order that Adam and Eve by no possibility might partake of it. If there had been no apple on the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, then no preachers would be needed, no lawyers, no County Crown Attorney and there you are.

It may have been observed that, eager as I am to assist in the management of great affairs, I have refrained from trying to govern Great Britain or make it unnecessary for Lord Kitchener to do any more thinking with regard to the Boer war. I suppose there is scarcely a yokel in Great Britain or a farmhand in Canada who hasn't his theory as to how the affairs of the Empire in general and of South Africa in particular should be conducted, and they are probably as much value as the opinions of editors who know nothing about the circumstances except from what appears in the newspapers—a source of information open to all. The man with a great deal of newspaper knowledge is perhaps more dangerous than the peasant who knows nothing about it except that there is a war in which the Boers as well as the British have won battles. He at least is not misled by the diplomatic wiles which sometimes lead all those but the specially informed completely astray. We are all entitled to our opinions, but in a moment of stress and danger we have no right to darken counsel by words without wisdom. As it pleases me to hear that the Boers are being gradually rounded up, and are disappearing because of capture and "attrition"—whatever that means—so it delights me to read that Chamberlain has bearded the German lion in his den and practically told Chancellor Von Buelow to either shut up or crawl under the barn. It may have been wise or unwise to do this, but it has made the British people feel like full-grown men. Personally I do not like to take back water, but I remember many instances when I had to do it or get hurt. Generally I preferred getting hurt, though many times I have escaped bruises which I fully expected while refusing to be bullied. I do not think it pays for either an individual or a nation to climb a tree every time a dog barks, and I imagine that the London "Times" and Hon. Joseph Chamberlain know their business sufficiently well to judge whether or not the time had arrived to give Germany the slap in the face which she seemed to deserve.

Hon. Mr. Chamberlain made no mistake when he reckoned on the colonies standing in with the Mother Country in the event of an Anglo-German war. In such an event it will make the world wonder to see Canada and the other colonies rear up on their hind legs and jump into the middle of the fight. As individuals we do not propose to have our mothers called nasty names or be cartooned as blood-thirsty beasts. Neither as a nation do we propose to see the Motherland dragged through the filth by German newspapers which in both printed text and pictures—the "Times" says, "for coarseness, obscenity and venom are without a parallel in modern times." At a certain point human conduct ceases to be governed by the code of wisdom and diplomacy, and Germany, having observed that this point has been reached by the British people, has apparently scuttled for cover in a way neither dignified nor decent. However, the people of this country need no stirring up to increase their loyalty. Probably what would do us the most good would be an iceberg on the back of the neck. Yet even in our somewhat inflamed condition we selfishly enough, perhaps, are rather congratulating ourselves that England's necessity is pulling her trade policy in our direction.

CONVENTIONALITIES, fear of public opinion, and fine sentiments which restrain individuals, have nothing to do with big corporations which stand on the letter of the law, giving nothing which they can retain and taking everything which cannot, even by eternal vigilance, be kept from them. If individuals acted in the same soulless manner they would become so hated that social ostracism would make life unendurable. Every day in the year individuals, in order to be ingratiating, polite, or endurable to their fellows, sacrifice the strict letter of their rights, even when dealing with corporations through their officials. Corporations employ officials who are popular in order that these sacrifices may be made to them, but when it comes the turn of the official to make some slight sacrifice of the corporation's interests to the individual he "deeply regrets" that he has not the power, and makes that wearisome remark about "a soulless corporation, you know." No matter how suspicious individuals may think themselves, and regardless of the fact that so many people are dishonest, untruthful and ungrateful, yet the major part of the world's business, except that which is transacted by corporations, is done on the basis of mutual confidence. The conduct of the corporations, however, in working all the sentimentalities and graces in order to win that which they desire, and disregarding them all when it comes to a fulfilment of promises and contracts, is beginning effectually to teach the bitter lesson that in the largest realms of business might and cunning will always get the better bargain when dealing with right unsupported by ironclad statutes and contracts in the hands of aggressive and incorruptible representatives of the people.

The latest instance of corporation duplicity which may or may not develop into a hardship for the people of Manitoba, is the rumored purchase of a railway charter from Emerson, on the United States boundary line, to Portage la Prairie, for the Northern Pacific Railway. The charter in question has recently changed hands, and in connection with the transaction President Mellen of the Northern Pacific made the significant remark "that the system they recently sold to the Manitoba Government for \$7,000,000 could be duplicated for \$3,000,000." If the Northern Pacific becomes a competitor of the line it recently parted with, it may give the Manitoba Government a great deal of trouble to pay interest on their bonds, though it is doubtful if the competition will benefit the people, who will be practically cutting rates on their own road in order to keep the auxiliary line of the Northern Pacific from starving the section of the Mackenzie and Mann road, the bonds of which have been guaranteed by Manitoba, between Winnipeg and Port

Arthur. Altogether, it is a nasty situation which Manitoba will find itself in, if the rumor proves correct.

THE independent position achieved by so many modern young women who have become self-supporting is beginning to react seriously on their matrimonial prospects, owing to employers anxious to have a continuity of skilled service declining to employ young women who are engaged to be married. One of the leading hospitals of London, England, is seriously considering the propriety of refusing to accept nurse probationers who have promised to wed. Such young women are said by certain hospital doctors not to regard their career as nurses as likely to be lengthy, and are therefore not apt to take it seriously and master their profession, but instead occupy too much of their time writing love letters. It is quite possible that those employing women in other responsible positions and who are frequently much embarrassed by having them leave in order to get married, will gradually show a much greater preference for men, who, after growing up with a knowledge of their position, are likely to remain whether they marry or not. It is thus plainly to be seen that more than ever will the question of marrying have to be decided in the young woman's mind before she devotes herself to a professional or commercial career. This being the case, young women can hardly look forward, unless they are willing to declare that they have abandoned the natural hope of becoming wives and mothers, to the obtaining of permanent, well paid and profitable positions. Of course this will not prevent hundreds of thousands of young women from working in factories or taking minor places where continuity of service and whole-hearted zeal are not demanded, but it will be the death-knell of that economic equality which the New Woman is so fond of having recognized, for it is to be hoped that when the psychological moment of mak-

"Now, it should be remembered that the disease is one affecting an internal organ; that the absolute removal of that organ, involving an abdominal operation of a serious character, is the only recognized remedy; and that, under such an operation, the patient is quite as likely to succumb as he is to survive. Dr. O'Hanlon's experience is with the corpses of those who have succumbed; and when he tells us that out of forty-two cases in which appendicitis had been diagnosed, there was absolutely no indication of the existence of that disease, we are brought in sight of a series of ghastly blunders, which, for the honor of our professional skill, we trust has no counterpart in this country."

The great rush of patients to the hospital to be operated upon for appendicitis has so recently begun that we are all led to enquire whether the vermiform appendix existed in the human body since the time of Adam without its deadly nature having been discovered until lately. Has a germ recently developed which now revels in that secluded locality with so much profit to the surgeons, or has the microbe been at work for ages and the results of its ravages been called peritonitis or something else? Medicine is certainly not an exact science, though surgery seems to be an exacting one, for in New York so frequent are the operations for appendicitis that even healthy men are said to be having appendices removed lest they get out of order at an important moment when time cannot be spared to go to the hospital or bargain with a surgeon. The charges for the operation, too, running from twenty-five to twenty-five hundred dollars, have been much discussed, the ordinary fee, even amongst surgeons without more than a parish reputation, being from a hundred to a thousand dollars. Of course when the very rich believe that their happiness and safety would be increased by the removal of the appendix, the best surgeon must be employed, and then the highest fees are charged. I would not be thought guilty of

lence of smallpox in any locality. It is absolutely ruinous to hotels and small business houses to fall under the ban and be closed up as infected with a loathsome and dangerous disease. If the variety of smallpox which is going about is a sort of hybrid type the public should know it, and I am quite sure that while precautions against its further spread would not be relaxed, what is approaching a general smallpox scare would disappear. That the disease has been permitted to spread to such a great extent certainly is the fault of someone, and whoever is to blame should be located and the machinery for preventing the recurrence of such an experience as we have been having for the past year, freed from barnacles. Perhaps the elective system proposed may not be workable, for the doctors may be more anxious to protect themselves from those they call quacks than to save the public from any epidemic; but certainly a Board can be had more efficient than the one now in existence, which will work harmoniously with the Government instead of insisting upon going to sleep.

THE "Evening News," in commenting upon Chief Justice Meredith's remark concerning "the injustice of Canadian law which limits the granting of divorces to Parliament, where nine-tenths of the people cannot afford to go," shows itself to be as narrow as it is willing to mislead. It says, "The Chief Justice evidently thinks divorce should be made easy, a feature that will not commend itself to the majority of thinking people. Our rigid divorce laws may work some hardship in individual cases, but it is preferable to the American system, by which incompatibility of temper is sufficient cause for legal separation."

It will be observed that the quotation from Chief Justice Meredith's remarks has nothing to do with the causes which ought to be held sufficient for divorce, but is a criticism of the legal machinery for effecting a complete separation. For many years I have advocated the establishment of a divorce court in Canada, and have watched everything that has been said by those in sympathy with the idea. No one on any Canadian paper, no one on the Bench, has ever suggested that divorces be granted in this country for any less cause than that which is held to be sufficient when a case is tried in Parliament. It is admitted that the Scriptural grounds for granting a divorce should alone prevail, but that does not "remove the injustice of Canadian law which limits the granting of divorces to Parliament, where nine-tenths of the people cannot afford to go." Why should they not be permitted at one-tenth the cost of the present system to go to a divorce court and have the marriage annulled on the same grounds, and no others, as are held to be sufficient by a parliamentary committee? The "News" is talking idly and foolishly when it drags into Chief Justice Meredith's suggestion a lot of twaddle about incompatibility of temper and the termination of a marriage "when one or both become dissatisfied." Editorials in the "News" would become much more valuable and influential if that paper did not seize every opportunity to become cheaply virtuous over nothing.

It is said that 10,000 Detroiters have signed a petition asking that Queen Wilhelmina and President Roosevelt be appointed arbitrators to settle the war in South Africa. This is a part of the campaign of the man Walker who runs the "Cosmopolitan" magazine and has circulated blank petitions in the hope of increasing his subscription list and the difficulties of Great Britain at the same time. Communications have come to me from all over the United States complaining of the hypocritical sniveling of this publisher, who ignores the fight his own country is making in the Philippines, while making the preposterous proposition he does with regard to the Transvaal. That the people of Detroit should be willing to sign such a petition is no credit to their intelligence or friendliness, and the sooner such foreign publications as the "Cosmopolitan" are boycotted by Canadian readers the better. The point is rapidly being reached where Canadian opinion will be corrupted by the indiscriminate reading of Yankee periodicals or something will have to be done to keep such literature from entering Canada on such favored terms as it now obtains.

THE exclamations of disappointment and disgust emitted by the city press because of the election of some of the most incompetent men in Council as Controllers, are serving the good purpose of accentuating the necessity of changing the system by which the Controllers obtain office. The changes which the Legislature is being asked for include the election of Controllers by a vote of the whole city, and if the statesmen in the Park read the newspapers or know the men who have been chosen for the Board of Control we may be sure that the end of the present year will see the end of the present system. Of the four men chosen, admittedly three should not be on the Board, and yet it is doubtful if the electors conversant with proceedings in the Council would be able to agree as to the one good man who has been given a place. However, it is a safe thing to say that three of them are valueless, as each man will esteem himself the exception, while the public generally will be unable to find any valid reason why any one of them should be preferred over a dozen aldermen who are still in the back seats.

WEDNESDAY'S by-elections to the House of Commons surprised even the Liberals in Ontario by the change of West York and West Durham from the Opposition to the Liberal side. The election of "Archie" Campbell in West York was an overwhelming victory, not only for the Government, but for the jolly miller himself. No man individually more popular ever sat in the House of Commons, and his return to that body will be hailed with delight. While Clarke Wallace was alive and two personal friends were struggling for the seat I expressed no opinion, but now that things have greatly changed I feel at liberty to express my delight at the return to Parliament of a man I have known ever since, as a little boy, I played about his father's mill in the township of Howard. The election of Mr. Robert Beith in West Durham means the return of another honest, amiable and sensible man to public life. Mr. Hart's immense majority in Kingston is simply a further testimonial of the great affection that the people of that city have for the gentleman who so long had a seat in the Ontario Cabinet. Those who were beaten in these three constituencies were above the average of parliamentary candidates, and the pleasure of knowing that three good men were elected is considerably diminished, as there was no great political principle at stake, by the thought that three such good men were left. The result indicates that the Laurier Government is gaining in popularity and in the confidence of the electors, but it also demonstrates that the Conservatives have so far completely failed both in reorganizing themselves and in preparing either an attractive policy or a damaging criticism.

The decision of the Manitoba Government to submit the prohibition law already passed and waiting to be enforced, to a referendum, which had not even been suggested until the act was declared intra vires, will be a strong and striking Conservative endorsement of the referendum which it is said Premier Ross proposes to employ. That Manitoba will demand sixty-two and a half per cent. of the votes



A PARTY OF THREE.

Amateur photo by John Bawden, Ridgeway, Ont. Subject, his daughter Ruth and her protector, "Old Ike."

ing a choice comes to womankind it will be in favor of the career for which nature intended her.

NOW that the absolutely "orthodox" section of the medical profession in this province are asking the Legislature for further privileges in the direction of making their curative guild a close corporation, from which even the homeopaths shall be excluded, it may be well to remind them that a large section of the public considers that even diagnosis and surgery—to say nothing of drug-giving—are by no means past the experimental stage. The "Finance Chronicle" of London, England, a life and fire insurance journal, in its issue of January 1st, under the caption "A Medical Blunder," has the following article with regard to that much-talked-of disease, appendicitis:

"We need hardly say we have a sincere respect for the medical profession, whose earnest labors for the alleviation of human suffering and the prolongation of human life cannot be esteemed too highly. Yet, like the rest of us, they are liable to error in individual instances; and, although doctors are proverbially said to differ, there is always an element of cocksureness in the constitution of the young medic, in particular, which may lead, and sometimes does lead, to disastrous results, especially in the domain of surgery. As an illustration, we would refer for a moment to the disease called 'appendicitis,' in which resort is almost invariably had to the surgeon's knife. It is needless to say that the operation so undertaken is a very serious one; but we are willing to admit that it may be indispensable in cases where the diagnosis admits of no doubt. There is too much reason to fear, however, that in many instances the diagnosis is entirely wrong, and that the administration of simple internal remedies would of itself suffice to set the patient on his legs. What we hear from America in this connection is of such grave importance that we think it desirable to make special allusion to it. Dr. O'Hanlon of New York is a man of wide experience and reputation, being employed in connection with the coroner's office in that city, in making autopsies. This is what he says respecting appendicitis:

"Appendicitis belongs to a class of diseases which we often read about but seldom see at autopsy. Again and again I know of cases where a diagnosis of appendicitis was made upon the strength of pain in the right iliac region and some gastro-intestinal symptoms, all of which promptly disappeared after a dose of castor oil. Among 3,000 autopsies made by me during the last seven years, I have only seen ten cases of appendicitis. I had forty-two cases sent to me for autopsy which had been diagnosed as appendicitis; in ten of them I found a greatly distended colon, but no lesion of the appendix, either gross or microscopic, could be discovered, and in the remaining thirty-two even the distention of the colon was absent and the appendix was normal."

belittling either the disease or the skill of those who attend to its removal; I would as soon speak disrespectfully of the Equator! I am simply trying to point out the necessity of more modesty amongst the most accepted class of healers, and fewer attempts to tyrannize over those who are walking in other paths while pursuing the same blessed object of removing sickness and pain from others—and getting a livelihood for themselves.

THE spread of smallpox in Ontario, in spite of what the general public has regarded as the stringent regulations of the Provincial Board of Health, deserves some attention. I have a letter from a medical man who has had much to do with public health associations and many years of practical experience as a health officer, and yet has a very low opinion of the Provincial Board of Health, and he alleges that "it is a close corporation, dogmatic, pedantic, self-important, and largely fuss and feathers." Many places in the province, he contends, have been put to a large, unavailing and unnecessary expense in the quarantine of houses and the isolation of patients, while the disease has continued to spread apparently unimpeded. He predicted nearly a year ago in a letter of which I have a copy, that "the disease, with the breaking up of the infected lumber camps, would be freely and generously distributed throughout the province," and that "a dollar spent by the Provincial Board of Health at that time would have done more good and gone farther than the thousands now being foolishly thrown away in an insane desire to make the public think that something is being done." He admits that the disease is of a very mild type, and refers to "similar outbreaks described in medical journals as Philippine rash, Cuban itch, chickenpox, and something half way between chickenpox and smallpox, inasmuch as the pustules do not become confluent, do not pit, few if any die of it, and those attacked rarely sicken to keep their beds." His contention is that a special report should have been issued, for like the gripe and influenza it did not call for special isolation and quarantine. He does not blame the secretary of the Provincial Board individually, but finds fault with the Government that asks too much of him—Dr. Bryce holding the dual appointment of secretary and Deputy Minister, though he is left by his moribund colleagues to act as the whole Board. To change this state of affairs, my correspondent recommends that the members of the Board should be elected, not appointed as party favorites, and should be representative of the best skill and energy of the medical profession of Ontario.

I have selected a few of the salient points in a long and vigorously worded communication on a subject which concerns everyone, and being convinced of both the good intention, knowledge and energy of the writer, I hope that it will receive some attention from the Government. Nothing is so damaging to business as rumors of the preva-

polled as an endorsement of the prohibition law already enacted, will also make it easy for the Ontario Government to insist upon a similar percentage. The by-elections and the action of Manitoba seem to be clearing the way for an easy return of the present Ontario Government to power. The tide in this province, unless all indications are at fault, is coming to the flood for Liberalism; and the Conservatives, while not to blame for much which can be ascribed to luck, are really responsible for the disorganization and distrust which threaten to make their success impossible.

The results of the nine Dominion by-elections ought, as the "World" says, to afford food for thought to somebody, for while it is the usual thing in Canada for by-elections to favor the Government, the large majorities piled up by the Liberal candidates and the winning over of such a stronghold as West York cannot be explained upon that theory alone. Whether the main share of the thinking ought to be done by Conservatives or Liberals is a question. So long as party government is the system under which we operate, an efficient opposition is desirable. It seems as though the already weak Opposition at Ottawa is to become still weaker and less capable of effectively challenging and criticizing public measures. What is to be the upshot of this process of "attrition" goes on much further? There is food for thought in the results of the by-elections, not only for partisans, whether Conservatives or Liberals, but for students of Canadian affairs, and all who are concerned in the tendencies and development of political institutions.

THE death of Senator Prosser (Conservative) of Prince Edward Island on Tuesday recalls the rapid change in the political complexion of the Senate at Ottawa during the past five and a half years. Since Sir Wilfrid Laurier obtained power in 1896, thirty vacancies have occurred, which have been, or will be, filled by Liberals, as against forty-one Conservative appointments during the previous eighteen years, leaving, on a straight party vote, with every member present, but five of a Tory majority. I speak of "Tory" majority advisedly, for none but Tories and Grits may enter the Senate, though that body was originally intended to be something of an independent chamber, to check the crudeness and partyism of the elective House. Other changes will shortly occur, for many of the Conservative Senators are very old men and even now could hardly be relied upon to creep to Ottawa in case of a test vote. Even the stern reaper Death seems to favor the Liberals, and before the end of this Parliament we may be sure that the Senate will have been reformed. It is not the sort of reform of the Senate of which we heard and for which we had hoped so much, but it is to be feared will be of a kind to satisfy those who once clamored for other and greater things.

A PAMPHLET has been sent me denouncing the movement for the affiliation of Trinity and Toronto Universities. Every true, wide-visioned friend of higher education in Ontario favors this proposed amalgamation, but the author of this pamphlet seems to prefer the role of mischief-maker to that of university-builder, for with the senseless glee of an educational anarchist he digs up and flings in the faces of the Trinity Senate all the dirt and disturbing denunciations in which some of the founders of Trinity indulged, fifty years ago, in reference to the "Godless (provincial) university." What good can be accomplished by this scavenging in the back-yard of last century? The feud had been forgotten and the love-feast was being spread when this pamphleteer broke in upon us with his evil-smelling freight of reminiscent garbage, demanding that the peacemakers be made to smell the wounds and fondle the bones of a controversial cadaver from the charnel house of the bigotry of long ago. Surely no notice will be taken of this polemic pole-cat except by deodorizing the room and promptly going on with the business in hand.

THE principal friends of the meek and long-suffering Boer are just now having colonial troubles of their own forced upon their attention in a way likely to divert their diatribes from the "brutality" of the Briton to their own. Germany has officially discovered that Dr. Menke, who, with his scientific assistants, was killed by the natives of St. Matthew's Island, had ruthlessly destroyed some of the few palm trees on the island, and the natives had acted in defence of their property. This information, of course, came after avengers from a German warship had killed eighty-one of the islanders, though it led "Vorwarts," a leading German newspaper, to exclaim: "Such is the civilization that our colonial politicians are spreading."

Holland, too, has been stunned by revelations of scandalous official misbehavior in her East Indian colonies, such as malversation of funds and what amounts to the enslaving of the blacks. Providence seems to be stirring itself in Britain's behalf, for nothing is so likely to stop German and Dutch calumination of Great Britain as the discovery of themselves in such an indecent posture.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London "Outlook" suggests the creation of a landed aristocracy in "the British dominions beyond the sea." His argument is that the Empire is a monarchy and not a republic, and that the establishment of colonial peerages might well add to the dignity of the outlying portions of the King's dominions and serve to show that those "at home" are ready and willing to regard "colonials" as on the same social level with themselves. At present, this writer points out, a colonial can never be more than Sir Somebody Something. The facts are not accurately stated, but the scheme is interesting if not entirely novel. But really it is to be feared that some difficulty would be experienced in selecting the persons to constitute the new aristocracy or the land to plant them on. Everybody in Canada would secretly feel slighted if not recognized in the new order of nobility, while there are no large areas of country available that will not shortly be put, we all trust, to the noble use of raising garden sass rather than supporting "me lud" and his family.

A COMPLAINT frequently made by employers against labor unions is that agreements with the latter are binding only upon the former, because financial responsibility cannot be fixed on the labor organizations. In England the plan has been tried of having each party deposit a sum, to be forfeited by the offending party in case of the violation of any condition. The first recorded settlement of a difficulty under this plan took place in England in 1805, when a strike in the boot trade was brought to an end. Brooklyn has just afforded another instance of the kind—the first, it is believed, in America. In anticipation of possible misunderstandings, a plan of arbitration was agreed upon a year ago between a shoe firm and its employees, each party to deposit \$10,000, to be forfeited if the decision of the arbitrator were not accepted. Differences have since arisen between the firm and its workpeople, and a representative of the State Labor Department, named as arbitrator with the concurrence of all parties, has decided the disagreement in favor of the company. The guarantee of the firm is deposited in full with a trust company; that of the employees, which was raised by assessment, amounts as yet to only about \$5,000. Still this sum was a sufficient stake to be binding upon the signers of the agreement, and rather than lose it they accepted the adverse decision of the arbitrator.

HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND'S assumption of the portfolio of Marine and Fisheries, which he has administered pro tem, since the elevation of Sir Louis Davies to the Bench, was expected by everyone "in the know." Mr. Sutherland, in every capacity in which he has served, has proved himself a valuable member of the Dominion Government, not merely from a party standpoint, but from that of the public at large. His promotion is well deserved.

Trinity's New Chancellor Installed.

ON Wednesday evening an historic event took place in Convocation Hall, Trinity College, before a most representative audience of the best elements of Toronto society. "The" people, many of whom never trouble to attend public functions of a less distinguished nature, came trooping into the wainscoted hall and were shown to their reserved places by professors and men in residence. There were quiet aristocratic ladies, many wearing snowy caps with widows' weeds, women of the old regime who had known the Chancellor-elect all his life; and old gentlemen, too, who were rabid Trinity men and had taken degrees which were dated many years back in the past century; and the middle-aged set, whose sons and daughters had gone or were going through a college course in the same beloved institution. And there were outsiders, perhaps enjoying the evening with a livelier interest than even the veterans or the students, because it was a revelation of the inner life, the hopes and struggles and fears and ideals of an institution the life of which is necessarily unaccustomed to be laid before the public gaze. Never have speakers been more frank, more diverse in views of detail, and more united on the one question of ultimate good. At a quarter past eight the doors were opened, and the hall filled to the limit. The Chancellor's chair stood, a mute reminder to those who loved and revered him of the gracious and dignified Chancellor who lately went to his rest. Then the big doorway was cleared and a procession came up the aisle, men in gowns and hoods, College and Church dignitaries. The Bishop in his robes and tri-corned hat, Cabinet Ministers and professors, doctors and parsons, chief justices and eminent men in the law, musicians and artists. It was a line to watch carefully and weigh thereby the brain and culture of a growing city. When all were seated, Professor Clark, as acting Chancellor, took the chair, and the chaplain said Latin prayers; then the College orator made vocal overtures in the classic tongue to the Chancellor-elect, and was applauded heartily from time to time. Mr. Robinson wore a college gown and a scarlet hood, to which latter some interest attaches, as it has been the property of a



MR. CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, K.C.

Western Church dignitary (whose widow presented it to the acting Chancellor), and was by him loaned for the first part of the installation. After this the Provost and the Chancellor-elect went down the aisle again, that Mr. Robinson might assume in some room without the perfectly gorgeous robe of his high office. While this was being done, Mrs. Stewart Houston, known far and near in the musical world as Miss Beverley Robinson, sang three sweet and beautiful songs, after which the doors were again opened and the new Chancellor, in robes and gold-tasseled cap, escorted by the beaming Provost, made his progress to his throne. Dr. Clark took his seat with the Trinity magnates, and amid hearty applause Chancellor Robinson was installed. Then began those unique speeches, from business men such as Colonel Pellatt, and Mr. E. B. Osler; from politicians, the Minister of Education and Mr. Whitney, two in politics but one in interest in Trinity; the Chancellors of "Varsity," Victoria and McMaster; Canon Welch, for whom the students had a salvo; Dr. Gilbert Parker, who is an old Trinity graduate; and there would have been others only that the trusty clock pointed so late. It was most interesting, almost entertaining, and the audience listened accordingly to hear the views, for and against the removal of Trinity to Queen's Park and the affiliation with "Varsity." "Sorry, but it must come," seemed to be the ultimatum, and Mr. Harcourt's Governmental utterance, "Come to us, and we will take you in!" raised a shout of mirth, and gave Mr. Whitney a chance to be funny immediately. The students who filled the gallery and the "old boys" who grunted and grumbled dissent here and there in the audience, made good-natured but emphatic protests against the move. Among the guests of the College were many of the Baldwin, Boulton, Clark, Jones, Robinson, Denison, McCarthy, Grasett, Jarvis, Ridout, Cayley, and other prominent old families. The girl students in their caps and gowns made a fine show in the gallery, and with the men of Trinity sang a college song to the tune of "My Maryland," while the Chancellor-elect was leaving the Hall to assume his robes of office. After the ceremony some of the College men and others had cosy supper spreads in their dens, and I believe, the Provost also entertained. The arrangements by the committee were perfect for the ceremony, which will take its place as an historic event, and occurred in the fiftieth year of Trinity's existence, the College having been founded in 1852. The first Chancellor, Sir John Beverley Robinson, Chief Justice, was the father of the present Chancellor.

Social and Personal.

MR. AND MRS. GZOWSKI have this week sent out invitations to the marriage of their eldest daughter, Miss Helen Louise Gzowski, and Mr. Frederick N. Beardmore of Montreal. The ceremony will take place at the Church of the Ascension at half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, February sixth, with a reception afterwards at "The Hall," the family residence of the Gzowskis in Bathurst street.

Mrs. Hagarty of 13 Spadina road gave a very large tea on Wednesday, which, however, did not in numbers overtax her most convenient house, the former residence of the Todt family, and some time ago taken by Mr. Hagarty. Mrs. Hagarty and Miss Sophy Hagarty received at the entrance to one of the drawing-rooms, and the guests were prevented from the usual crowding in the tea-room by the number and spryness of the pretty girls waiting on them, who were to be seen all over the place, laden with cups and ices and good things which they wisely handed to ladies at reasonable distance from the rose-crowned table. When two tea-tables are not possible, this departure is a wise one, though it entails a good deal of exercise for the young ladies, and I have no doubt they were well tired when the very jolly tea was over. I am moved to wonder why some teas are so much jollier than others. At Mrs. Hagarty's everyone seemed in the highest good humor, and laughter, merry and infectious, was everywhere the rule. No better music can gladden the ears of hostess or guests. Mrs. Hagarty and Miss Sophy have all the hearty simplicity of well-bred women, and wore simple dresses, the mother, of black with revers of cream applique, and the debutante of

pastel green touched with white. There was not a hint of stiffness or ceremony, and a little proof of the heartiness of the gathering was seen in the long line of ladies smilingly waiting to say good-night to the hostess, while a dear grandmamma or two held her hand and chatted leisurely and offered good wishes to the pleasant and cordial young debutante. To give a list of the guests would overcrowd this column, but would include a good many names that have been known for generations in Toronto. Many of us missed clever Miss Clara Hagarty, who is now in Southern Europe, and had, I am told, the misfortune to sprain her wrist by a fall from her bicycle not long ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout returned last week from their bridal trip, and are in the new home in Lowther avenue. The bride has announced that she has sufficiently set up her Lares and Penates to admit her hosts of expectant callers on next Thursday and Friday afternoons.

Lent comes early this year—the twelfth of February being Ash Wednesday. But the season, though short, will go on record as one of the most brilliant for the young set which Toronto has ever known. A feature of it has been a perfect swarm of down-town dinners, large and small, which have taken up every evening at the fashionable restaurant. Thus the enterprise which provided the means of graceful and elegant entertaining has been justified, and many hosts have been able to give cosy or more pretentious feasts whose menage is restricted, and family perhaps young or not in good health.

Mrs. Maughan Ellis (nee Jackes of Deer Park) is one of the brides who have made Crescent road a favorite rendezvous for smart callers. She received this week for the first time since her marriage, and had heaps of visitors who much admired her pretty home—so suitable a nest for one of the daintiest and prettiest of the season's brides. Surrounded by flowers and assisted by her bridal attendants, the graceful little bride received her callers, wearing her wedding gown, which was of the most soft and delicate crepe and chiffon, with yoke and sleeves of lace of her own making. A pretty little tea-table, cheerily brightened with red lights in a silver candelabrum, which was set on a circle of lace worked by the clever little hostess, and made further attractive by odorous, deep red carnations, was attended by the bridesmaids and Miss Ada Jackes. Mrs. Ellis will receive on Mondays during the winter.

Mr. Kirkwell Christie, whose tall figure has been seen at most of the season's dances, and who is a popular member of society, has gone to Detroit to assume responsible duties in connection with a large institution of Gotham. Some of his men friends gave him bon voyage at a supper of which Mr. Howard Douglas was host, last Saturday evening. Everyone wishes him success in his new home, and regrets that he has left Toronto.

Next Friday and the three following, Mrs. Eaton will be at home to callers. Miss Marie Foy is visiting friends in Montreal. Mrs. G. P. Magann has been visiting Mrs. Fitzpatrick, wife of the Solicitor-General, in Quebec, and several nice affairs have had our lovely Parkdalian as their right particular guest. Mrs. Magann has also spent some time with her people in Montreal, whence she returned on Wednesday, bringing a young daughter of Mr. Fitzpatrick who is being educated in Toronto.

Mrs. Walter Lee and Miss Mabel Lee, to whom so many loving thoughts and words have gone during the past fortnight, are going abroad almost immediately. Their lovely and hospitable home is to be dismantled and the property disposed of, which all regret to hear, while quite accepting the feeling which dictates this closing of the happy record of one of the real homes of Toronto.

On next Saturday afternoon Mrs. George A. Cox will give a large At Home. No matter how many are bidden and accept Mrs. Cox's hospitality, her big house is equal to the demand, and her family circle, which includes three bright, clever women, her daughters-in-law, is always more than able to look after a great many guests.

Mrs. William Nattress is giving a tea at "Rusholme," Dundas street, next Wednesday afternoon. Dr. and Mrs. Nattress have been spending the winter with Mrs. Fred Denison at the old family home, and Dr. Nattress finds himself very well in the higher locality, which has done his asthma so much good, or, more properly speaking, so much harm!

Dr. Gilbert Parker received a telegram from the Provost of Trinity, saying, "Your Alma Mater needs you," and responded, "I'll be there," coming immediately on from Ottawa and reaching Toronto just in time to take part in the installation of Chancellor Robinson, the train which brought him being "an hour and something late." Dr. Parker made a speech, and paid compliments to everything in sight. He is looking very well and handsome, said the ladies.

Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Ambery gave a young folks' dance last night for Miss Gretchen Gilbert, quite unintentionally clashing with the Grenadiers' assembly. However, the lesser affair did not suffer much, as very few regrets were received by the hostesses.

Miss Quinn of Deer Park gave a dance last night. Mrs. Fraser of Huron street gave a tea on Wednesday. Miss Jeanie Wallbridge gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Young of Hamilton, who is a guest at Yeaton Hall.

Mr. R. K. Burgess and the Misses Burgess have gone to Southern California. Mrs. George Macdonald left on Wednesday for the South. Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie and Miss Jackes have removed from St. Vincent street, and are now residing at 124 St. George street. Miss Evelyn Mackenzie of Montreal is visiting Mrs. W. D. Matthews.

Major and Mrs. Henry Grey are living at 19 Avenue road, where Mrs. Grey receives on the second and fourth Fridays. Mr. and Mrs. Bertram of Spencer avenue have returned from a three months' visit in Montreal. Mrs. Bertram is at home on Thursdays.

Rev. Frank Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy are returning very shortly to Japan, where Mr. Kennedy has a mission in the interior. They are both quite in love with the land of the chrysanthemum. Mrs. Kennedy has been stopping until her departure with her sister, Mrs. John Featherstonhaugh of Grove avenue.

Mrs. Milligan of Bromley House gave a tea yesterday, and a second one this afternoon is on the tapis, as her circle of friends is so large that even Bromley House would be overtaxed by having them all on one afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mulock have been in Detroit this week. Mrs. Rockwell of New York is visiting Mrs. Charles Boeckh in St. George street.

Next Thursday week, January 30th, is the date of the Mendelssohn Choir concert, for which a delightful programme is promised. Music lovers are looking out that stray dinner parties do not venture to interfere with this evening's enjoyment.

Major and Mrs. Forester have returned to Toronto after a stay in Fredericton and Ottawa, and are again living at Bonnycastle.

Miss Moore of Hamilton, who has been the guest of Mrs. St. George Baldwin, has returned home. Mrs. Mulholland of Port Hope is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Angus MacMurchy. Miss Eric Wilson is very welcome back from a visit to Mrs. Welsford in Woodstock. Dr. and Mrs. Yates of Montreal were in town this week.

Hon. Justice Moss and Mrs. Moss gave a couple of dinner parties this week which were largely official, the "Varsity" magnates being the guests in both instances.



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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee and party have gone to Nassau to spend the winter. Their friends wish them a very pleasant journey and sojourn in the land of sunshine and flowers.

Mr. S. R. Wickett and Miss Wickett will be at home in future at 124 Isabella street on the second and fourth Mondays.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. MacLaren are in pension with M. Masson, 93 St. Joseph street, where Mrs. MacLaren will receive on the first and second Tuesdays.

Mrs. John Brown of 260 Carlton street will hereafter be at home on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Mrs. E. Infield-Jenking will receive at 93 St. Joseph street on the first and second Tuesdays.

Miss Margaret Cameron of Whitby College is the guest of Mrs. Musson, Islington.

Miss M. Peel has finished a fine bust of the provost of Trinity, which has been placed in the art gallery of the Educational Department. By the way, Trinity Convocation Hall held a very important assembly of prominent persons on Wednesday evening, when the new chancellor, Mr. Christopher Robinson, was installed in office.

A correspondent writes: "The annual gathering of the Trinity Alumni brings back to our midst many familiar faces. Among those we were most pleased to welcome the Rev. H. S. Musson, who left Toronto last fall to take up work in Indianapolis. During Mr. Musson's brief stay many pleasant social events were given in his honor."

Mrs. E. H. Keating gave a pleasant tea on Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Biggar of Belleville are residing in Toronto, and have taken up house at 80 Spadina road. Miss Ready of Niagara is the guest of Mrs. Lightbound. Miss Mary Pope returns home to Cambridge, Mass., to-day. She will be much occupied during the coming months in the preparation of her troupe, as her marriage is to take place in the early summer. Miss Pope will, I believe, visit England shortly after her marriage, and as her future people are among prominent and titled English families, the fair Massachusetts girl will be presented at the court of King Edward VII. and see London under the happiest auspices.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Haas of 10 Madison avenue gave a very pretty and quite informal seven-hand euchre to a party of girls and a few young matrons in honor of her mother's guest, Miss Mary Pope. Tables for the game were set in the drawing-room, and a dainty little buffet was served after the game in the dining-room. The table was done in pink; a graceful basket of pink carnations and smilax tied with broad pink ribbon was in the center, and the lights were pink candles in silver candelabra. Mrs. Haas wore a dove-gray gown, very handsomely trimmed. Mrs. Hees, who is now strong enough to go out again occasionally, was at the euchre. The prizes were pretty and artistic. Mrs. Irish, Mrs. George Broughall and Miss Annie Michie being very happy to win them. Among the other guests were Mrs. Northcote, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Jack Drynan, Mrs. Willie Lee, Mrs. Augustus Burritt, Miss Evelyn Cox, Miss Melvin-Jones, Miss Katie Cross and her guest, Miss Wallbridge of Belleville, Miss Lella McDonnell, Miss Agnes Vickers, Miss Phemie Smith, Miss Dore, Miss Chadwick, Miss Amy Laing, Miss Jeanie Wallbridge, Misses Phillips, Miss Effie Michie and the Misses Cowan.

Dr. and Mrs. Clark gave a very pleasant tea to enable some of their friends to meet Professor Duckworth, the very nice Englishman who has recently come out to join the forces at Trinity. Tuesday afternoon, the day of the tea, quite a number of friends found their way to the professor's library, where Dr. Clark has had so many delightful reunions, and at five o'clock a nice little buffet in the corridor was found worthy of much attention. Mrs. Clark is looking very well after her long and trying illness, and was, as ever, most kind and hospitable of hostesses. Mr. Duckworth submitted to be "guest of honor" with exemplary patience, and the tea was quite a jolly little affair.

To the privileged little group of women whom the kindness of the Canadian Club gave the opportunity of having a look at their banquet and hearing the speeches of President Casey Wood, Mr. Gilbert Parker and Hon. George E. Foster, the hour spent in the balcony of the banquet hall was of exceeding interest. The Canadian Club is an institution of which Toronto may well be proud, as its membership includes as brainy and progressive a lot of men as ever upheld the honor and prestige of any country, new or old. The banquet was a complete success in every way, and Mr. Casey Wood made a happy opening speech, while Mr. Foster was in great form. I do not know just how many guests were at the banquet, but it was a large, thoughtful and superior-toned assembly, and everything went capitally. Mr. Alfred Sturrock sang several songs, and the guest of honor made a speech, in the course of which he sprang several unintentional jokes, which had to be explained to him to justify quite unexpected and disconcerting roars of mirth. The Canadian Club can put up a jollier laugh than any other club in Toronto. D'Alessandro's orchestra played during the banquet, and for the National Anthem, which was sung heartily by several hundred loyal men and followed by three rousing cheers. The ladies invited to listen to the speeches were relatives or intimate friends of the members only.

Death, sudden and startling, robbed the Ottawa Cabinet of a useful and loyal Minister and many Toronto people of a genial friend, when Hon. R. R. Dobbie was killed last Saturday, near Folkestone, England, by a fall from his horse. To his connections, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn and Mrs. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House, whose eldest sister is the widow of the late Minister, condolences are offered from far and near. Mrs. Dobbie is remaining

in England for the present, where her daughters are fortunately able to be with her in her sorrow. From the Governor-General and Lady Minto, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and all the friends in Eastern cities a wave of sympathy and a distinct expression of personal loss is sent across the ocean to the family.

Miss Amy Laing returned last week from a delightful visit in New York, and is looking quite charming. Mr. Burnett Laing was able to resume his duties at the bank on Monday, but his fractured ankle, of a year ago, still gives him much trouble.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Corey have taken up house at 28 Admiral road, and Mrs. Corey receives on Fridays.

On Monday afternoon Miss Enid Wornum gave an informal little tea to half a dozen friends to meet Miss Mary Pope. Several of her girl friends were prevented from joining the party by previous engagements, as on the same afternoon the Misses Osler of Craigleigh had a girls' tea and Miss Katie Cross had some of her young friends to meet her Belleville guest, Miss Wallbridge.

Mrs. Brock's young people's dance last Thursday was quite a large affair, and I am told entirely confined to unmarried folk, one or two relatives being the only matrons invited. Both the huge rooms on either side of the fine hall were needed for the dancers, and all the cosy nooks were in constant occupation in the vicinity, while the wide, broad, central staircase, which is such an unusually fine one, was filled between the dances. Mrs. Brock, who always dresses most quietly, wore a rich and elegant gray brocade, with black lace. Miss Brock wore white satin, Miss Gertrude red poplin and white lace, and Miss Muriel primrose crepe de chine. Supper was arranged upstairs, the guests being seated at many small tables prettily decorated with pink roses and shaded candles. A very smart representation of the younger society set was present, and several debutantes were looking very nice indeed. Miss Elsie Riddan, who was, I think, born in the Brock house, when it was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riddan in the "eighties," is back from St. Catharines with her aunt, Mrs. Bunting, and continues her enjoyment of this very lively season, which has still three weeks and a half to run before "mercured aux cendres" shuts the door on dances and dinners.

The opening of the Dominion Parliament has been fixed for February 13, the second day of Lent. I hear of several ladies who are arranging to visit Ottawa at that time. The opening takes place on the afternoon of the 13th, and the usual drawing-room will be held later on.

Mrs. Street Macklem, who is spending the winter in the Channel Islands, is her friends rejoice to know, finding the climate agreeing well with her. I hear that Mrs. Macklem thinks of consulting a famous Vienna specialist about her hearing, which has been for some time impaired. Everyone hopes that this charming and beloved lady may derive benefit from his treatment, and that she may ere long be well enough to return to a society which misses her so much.

On Thursday last week Rev. Carey Ward of St. Peter's gave a capital lecture upon the country from which he came to Toronto—Australia. The lecture was under the auspices of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, and the Mayor was in the chair. The auspices were so favorable that it is needless to remark that the audience was unusually smart, and also seemed quite delighted with the lecturer.

On Saturday afternoon and evening Miss Laura Muntz gave an exhibition of children's portraits in her studio in the Yonge Street Arcade, which was simply charming. The children, one knew and the children one wanted to know smiled from the walls, or were seriously engrossed in their own concerns. I was very much smitten with a wee thing with lovely flaxen hair and eyes as big and round as could be, just the little face and bare baby shoulders of Mr. Lally McCarthy's tiny daughter, who has the Robinson eyes and dainty features of her pretty mamma exactly. Two very sweet pictures of twins, Miss Muntz's niece and nephew, children of Mr. Lyon of St. Patrick street, the boy "writing a letter" and the girl in a white satin frock and a charming pose, are a couple of child pictures in which Miss Muntz has been very happy. One of Mr. Gordon Mackenzie's young people, a rarely sensitive and refined little lady, is another pleasing portrait. And there are little foreign faces, and a large study of the beautiful Angel of Longfellow's "Reaper," bearing away two wan, sweet dead babies, which is infinitely pathetic and impressive. Miss Muntz is herself not the least charming among the attractions of her studio. Her clever, sympathetic and natural expression and her earnest and modest presentation of her work are exactly in harmony with the refined and artistic atmosphere of her workshop. There was a tea on in the studio during the afternoon, when, as well as in the evening, many art-lovers and child-lovers found themselves well repaid by a visit, but many would be liable to forget their tea when so many things better worth while were about.

Miss Louie Jones left for New York a few days ago, on a visit of some duration.

A correspondent writes: "The town of Durham has been unusually gay this winter. Following the ball given by the young ladies of the town were several impromptu hops and private card parties. On Friday evening last Mrs. David Jackson of 'The Maples' gave a very smart dance. Her beautiful home has just been completely refurnished, and with the large drawing-room and dining-room as dancing-rooms, both with splendidly polished wood floors, and excellent music, the merry dancers enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. Miss Armstrong, from England, received with her sister, Mrs. Jackson, and looked very pretty in black silk. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelly, Mrs. J. H. Hunter, Dr.

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and Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Parker, the Misses Parker of Owen Sound, Miss Gladys Hoggaboom of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Will Lander, the Misses Hunter, Harris, Mocker, Munro, Mackenzie, Anderson, Vollett, and Messrs. Dewar, Davidson, A. W. Hunter, J. A. Hunter, Kelly, McIntyre, Robertson, Burrows and Ryan."

The following Canadians are at the Hotel Chamberlain, Old Point Comfort, Virginia: Hon. Andrew G. Blair, Minister of Railways; Mr. George McAvity, and Mr. J. E. W. Currier.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Clougher of Toronto to Mr. E. Barnard Nettelfield of London, England.

Mrs. Fred Gundy of 23 Borden street and Mrs. Jack Larde, who is spending the winter with her, will receive Thursday afternoons.

Mrs. Thomas Grover of Regina is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Grover, No. 2 St. James avenue.

Mrs. J. A. McMullen of Mount Forest is spending a few days with Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave.

Miss Rella Sims, who has been staying in Berlin for some weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. George Perry of West Bloor street was the hostess of a very enjoyable dance given for her daughter, Miss Ethel, on Wednesday evening, January 8. Among the invited guests were the Misses Milligan, Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick, Miss Gretchen Gilbert, Miss Vera Shutt, Miss Evelyn Ridout, Miss Harris, Miss Gertrude Martin, Miss Rita Murray, the Misses Boyer, Miss Gertrude Perry, the Misses Amy and Edith Wright, Miss Maude Millman, Miss Ruby Reynolds, Miss Bessie Marsh, Miss Grace McTavish, Miss Rosaline Webb, Miss Easson, Miss Nora Casey of Lethbridge, Mr. Howard Ridout, Mr. Morgan Gray, Mr. B. Morton Jones, the Messrs. Selby and Lexie Martin, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Herbert Adam, Mr. Jim Allan, Mr. Shirley Warren, Mr. Norman Bastedo, the Messrs. Pack, Mr. Hal Harmer, the Messrs.

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Norman and Lionel Read, Mr. Foster, Mr. Jim Ingles, Mr. Harris, Mr. Arnot Craick, Mr. Sidney Fellows, the Messrs. Richmond and Arthur Wright, Mr. Harry Tandy, Mr. Home Smith, Mr. Vernon Greene, Mr. Madden, Mr. Gordon Beith of Boymanville, Mr. Ned Bidwell, the Messrs. Donaldson, Mr. Lee Mowat, Mr. Lionel Ridout, Mr. Walter Perry, Mr. Archie Brown, Mr. Hilton Heming, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Pangman and Mr. Jim McWilliams.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Taylor of 69 Prince Arthur avenue entertained at dinner on Saturday evening. Covers were laid for fourteen.

Miss May Perry has been giving a series of informal little teas for her girl friends on Tuesdays, and will next week give a couple of these jolly little reunions at her home in Maitland place on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Progressive Druggists.

Messrs. Hooper & Co., although the oldest drug house in the city, being established over half a century, seem to have taken on a new lease of life. The recent enlargement and improvement of their King street west establishment is followed by the opening of a branch establishment at 467 Bloor street west, opposite Walmer road.
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chef, crisp brown toast, a delicate little omelette, and a dish piled high with strawberries, heaped on their own green leaves. John Bourke had brought me strawberries one day, carrying the little basket in his own hand, because he would not wait to have it sent; and Mrs. Jennett had informed me that they were forced—it was too early still for strawberries to grow out of doors in England. Somebody in this house, therefore, appeared also desirous of offering me luxuries.

It would have been more Spartan in me to refuse the food prepared in a house which might be that of an enemy. But I was not Spartan, and being very hungry, I half-shamefacedly ate. I was too excited to linger over the meal, however, and as soon as I had finished I put on the black dress which I had worn last night. It was a temptation to fling that aside, and choose a white frock from among those which had so mysteriously made their appearance in the big wardrobe. But I resisted; and I had only just fastened the last hook when Sintra Leigh asked to be admitted.

She looked me over from head to foot. "It is fortunate that you are pretty in anything," she remarked bluntly, "for it can't be concealed that that frock is exceedingly shabby. I hoped that you would have dressed yourself in one of the charming gowns which Lady Cope gave you, and—friends of yours imported to this house."

"You forget that I am in mourning," I said. "And even if I were not, why should I take particular pains to make myself attractive?"

The woman in black shrugged her shoulders. "Luckily Nature has done that for you, so we will talk no more about it. Are you anxious to hear the news I promised you?"

"If I say that I am anxious, you will probably not tell me."

"You misjudge me, my dear young lady. The news is this: that the employee whose agent I have been—the power behind the throne of whom I spoke—is ready to see you if you are willing to be seen."

"At last!" I ejaculated.

"You are in just the proper mood for such an occasion. I will show you the way."

We went downstairs as we had come up last night. From the great hall, with its ugly marble pillars, and its crowding portraits, a number of doors opened out. My guide led me to one at the back, and then paused, grasping the handle. "A word of advice," she said, in a low voice; and I thought that her face showed a certain excitement. "Just a word before you go into this room alone. You are not a bad sort of girl, and you have suffered a great deal—as much in these two past months, perhaps, as any woman suffers in a whole lifetime. For my part in your troubles—I admit that I have indirectly had a part—I am sorry, for I had no grudge against you—I have none now. But certain things were inevitable, and the pawns had to be swept off the board with the queen and the castles. You happened to be one of the pawns. But now you are back on the board again, and instead of being a pawn, as you were before, you are a queen—or it is in your hands to be one if you choose. I have done my work, and brought you to this place for a motive with which you yourself have nothing to do. Last evening when I met you it was absolutely without feeling either for or against. But you are a plucky girl; and I admire pluck. You are a beautiful girl; and I admire beauty. Therefore, I am now more your friend than your enemy, though you may not credit it. And with an honest wish for your welfare, I advise you, when you have crossed this threshold and learnt what you will soon learn after the door has been opened and closed, to guard your tongue well. Listen, before you speak. Do nothing, say nothing, on the impulse of the moment. Reflect that you have everything to lose on the one hand, everything to gain on the other and be wise. That is all."

In spite of myself and my strong prejudice, amounting to repulsion, I was impressed. A feeling of solemnity fell upon me, cooling the heat of excitement. "Thank you," I said, more gently than I had spoken yet. "I will remember."

She opened the door, looked me in the eyes, and I passed into the room beyond. The door was softly closed again.

In speaking of her "employer," or the "power whom she served," Sintra Leigh had never used the word "he" or "she." Nothing that she did seemed to be done carelessly, therefore I believed that the omission was by design. She did not wish me to know, until I should see for myself, whether the person unknown were man or woman. I expected, however, as I entered, to see someone rise or come forward; but apparently the room was empty.

It was a handsome library, old-fashioned, like everything else in the house, save only the room allotted to me. Two of the walls were lined with tall book-cases. A third showed a wide doorway, covered with green velvet curtains; and above and on either side were portraits. They were three in number, all strikingly well painted. The face over the door I instantly recognized as that of Sir Vincent Cope, whom I had once supposed to be my father. Evidently the picture had been painted in his early youth, before the one with which I was familiar, at Arrian Mel Court.

On the right side of the door was a portrait of Sintra Leigh, many years younger, but much the same in feature as now. On the left was the face of a man so like her that only the hair and the clothing showed that one portrait had not been painted from the same model.

As I looked at these things, wondering, the velvet curtains over the doorway moved.

(To be continued.)

A Snowshoeing Song.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Gather, gather, ye men in white;
The wind blows keenly, the moon is bright,
The sparkling snow lies firm and white;
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose;
We must be over the hill to-night.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Swiftly in single file we go;
The city is soon left far below;
Its countless lights like diamonds glow,
And as we climb we hear the chime
Of church bells stealing o'er the snow.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
Like winding-sheet about the dead
O'er hill and dale the snow is spread,
And silences our hurried tread;
The pines bend low, and to and fro
The maples toss their boughs overhead.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
We laugh to scorn the angry blast.
The mountain top is gained and past.
Decent begins, his ever fast,
A short quick run, and toil is done.
We reach the welcome inn at last.

Shake off, shake off the clinging snow,
Unloose the shoe, the sash untie,
Fling tunic and mittens lightly by.
The chimney fire is blazing high,
And, richly stored, the festive board
Awaits the merry company.

Remove the fragments of the feast!
The steaming coffee, waiter, bring.
Now tell the tale, the chorus sing,
And let the laughter loudly ring.
Here's to our host, come drink the toast,
Then up! for time is on the wing.

Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!
The moon is sinking out of sight,
Across the sky dark clouds take flight,
And dimly looms the morning light.
Tie on the shoes, no time to lose,
We must be home again to-night.

—ARTHUR WEIR.

Curious Bits of News.

Mr. and Mrs. John Williams of Danville, Kentucky, lately celebrated their golden wedding, and one of the gifts they received was a handsome tombstone with their names engraved upon it. This was from J. E. Wright, a local monument dealer, and, strange to say, the old couple were delighted with the unique gift.

The authorities of the city of Rouen, in consideration of the famous cathedral, are considering a plan to utilize the street trolley wires for the extinguishment of fires. The scheme is to place electrically driven pumps at suitable points along the electric tramway system which covers the city, and then, in case of fire, to switch on the current from the trolley wires to drive the pumps.

A quantity of jewels and trinkets which had played important parts in murders and other crimes were sold at auction by the police authorities of Paris the other day. Most of the articles brought prices far above their intrinsic value, their worth being enhanced in the eyes of the morbid because of the greivous associations connected with them. Those which were bloodstained were in great demand.

The Hong Kong "Daily Press" says that the Tartar General of Canton having been troubled by an evil influence in his yamen, which in one month caused the death of his wife and daughter, as well as of a former Tartar general, a feng shui professor was finally called in. He looked over the city, and decided the evil influence was the roof of the library of the Government school for foreign languages. The roof, which was a peaked one, was at once removed, and is now being replaced by a flat one.

Mr. Charles Frohman, at the commencement of Kubelik the violinist's American tour, insured the latter's right hand against injury for \$10,000. It might be supposed that the chance of a musician getting his hand hurt was remote. Yet when Raffael Joseffy first came to Chicago, Italy had made a sensation a felon on his thumb interrupted his engagement. Josef Hofmann fell from his bicycle and hurt his hand under similar circumstances. Ole Bull, Wienawski and Paderewski were also subjected to accidents that interfered with their tours.

A lively debate has taken place in the Senate of the Australian confederation, as a result of a statement of Senator Sargood, that he had seen women ploughing in South Australia. A gentleman from that State doubted the assertion and hotly resented it, but it was backed up by another senator, Pearce. A writer in the Sydney "Bulletin" adds that he has often seen women ploughing in South Australia.

"The last occasion was near Mount Gambier. The ploughing lady was wearing Wellington boots, and her husband, a fat German gentleman, sat on a fence near by, complacently smoking."

The people of Galveston, Texas, are perfecting plans to protect themselves from another invasion of the sea, such as the one which devastated their city over a year ago. These plans provide for a sea-wall, to be built on the beach, and to extend the whole length of the city limits; and for raising the grade of the entire city. It is a mammoth undertaking, which will cost the already impoverished city millions, and involve considerable additional outlay by each property-owner. The city is to fill in, with sand pumped from the Gulf, an area of ground on the Gulf side of the city, four miles long and one mile wide, to an elevation of ten feet. The wall will also raise all the streets and alleys.

At last, maddened, the bull rushes at his tormentor, who races to the barrier of the arena, but halts there; and at the moment the bull's horns seem to touch him, plants his two decorated darts well in the bull's shoulders and the barrier. But the bull leaps after him—half his black body is over the arena at the safest side; but Toro falls and falls back inside the arena, to start to his feet again and rush for the matadors, who advance with their cloaks to draw him toward them.

It is these red cloaks that prove how dull is Toro in his rage. The matador holds the red cloak at arm's length, the bull rushes at it—never at the man holding it—and the matadors pass the cloak over his head as he strives to gore it; the bull turns and goes for it again, seemingly oblivious that a man is moving it. Very agile and dexterous are

the matadors; but there seems no danger to them, so wholly is the bull occupied with the cloak.

Not so the bandarilheiros. To face a rushing bull even with padded horns until his hot breath is in your face, and his horns lowered for the toss; to plant darts scarcely two feet long in his shoulders, and leap aside ere the toss is given, is a feat of courage, great swiftness and agility; and mighty is the shout from the vast crowd when this is done deftly and neatly, and the bandarilheiro sticks well in the bull's tough hide. As the bulls get tired out with their tormentors, a group of eight or ten tame bulls, with long tube-like bells, are let into the arena. These encircle the wild bull that at once is tamed; and these trained bulls trot him out of the circle to his den, and a fresh bull is then introduced.—James Baker in "Ainslie's Magazine."

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.
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A Forecast of 1902.

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New debts, new duns, new aches, new cares,
New booms and slumps in mining shares;
New gout, new wrinkles, new gray hairs.

New Shakespeares—every month or so,
New sins "for idle hands to do";
New everything—and nothing new!

New Use For Cigars.

A NEW YORK young man just back from a trip in Canada was telling his friends of the times he had had.

"We took a horse and a buckboard," said he, "from Xavier Station out into the woods for a day's shooting. When we got there of course we unhitched the horse and took off the harness. Then we went hunting."

"At night, when we came in to hitch up, hanged if we knew how to do it! In about an hour we got nearly all the harness on, but the old horse wouldn't let us put the bit in his mouth. We couldn't drive him without that, have you lots of cigars?"

"Yes," said I; "but what has that to do with it?"

"Well," said he, "we shall just sit down and smoke till that brute yawns!" And we did it."

Heart Disease.

Ninety Per Cent. of It Really Caused From Poor Digestion.

Real organic heart trouble is incurable, but scarcely one case in a hundred is organic.

The action of the heart and stomach are both controlled by the same great nerves, the sympathetic and pneumogastric, and when the stomach fails to

properly digest the food and it lies in the stomach fermenting, gases are formed which distend the organ, causing pressure on the heart and lungs, causing palpitation, irregularity and shortness of breath.

The danger from this condition is that the continued disturbance of the heart sooner or later may cause real organic heart trouble, and, in fact, frequently does so.

Furthermore, poor digestion makes the blood thin and watery and deficient in red corpuscles, and this further irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible thing to do for heart trouble is to insure the digestion and assimilation of the food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drug stores, and which contain the necessary digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

Thousands of people keep well and vigorous by keeping their digestion perfect by observing the rule of taking one or two of these tablets after each meal, or at least after each hearty meal.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain U. S. P. pepsin, diastase from malt and other natural digestives which act only on the food, digesting it perfectly and preventing acidity, gases, and the many diseased conditions which accompany a weak stomach.

When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used you may know you are not taking into the system any strong medicine or powerful drug, but simply the natural digestive elements which every weak stomach lacks.

So widely known and popular have these tablets become that they are now sold by every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

At a Portuguese Bull-Fight.

It was to be a very great event—twelve bulls were to make their entry, and some famous Spanish bull-fighters were to prove their prowess, and the King was to be there, and Portugal's handsome Queen.

Out along the white, dusty roads, on past the outskirts of the town where olives and fig-trees peeped over the stone walls, and occasional palms reared their tall stems—all hurry, rush and bustle, until at last the open dusty plain was reached, and before us, like a modern Coliseum, rose the great, massive arena of the Bull Ring.

How like the Coliseum, though, in weak architecture, was the building; and all the mass of sightseers pressing on to the different corridors—the poor the sunny side, the richer to that in shade.

Inside were the great arcades under the arches, and the wide flights of steps to the various tiers of seats or rows of boxes.

Up we went to where our ticket told me was the faueteu allotted to us (No. 106, first "fila"), a good position we saw as we entered the tier, and at a "coup d'oeil" the whole vast arena was before us. Beneath was the level ring where Toro would appear; on our left the King's box, a Mauresque canopy in blue and gold, and draped in red and gold velvet. On our right and left, on this shady side of the arena, the boxes are hung with bright draperies of blue, gray, and yellow, setting off the gay dresses of the ladies fanning themselves in the boxes with tiny little Portuguese fans.

At last a roar goes up from some 15,000 throats—the arena will hold 20,000, but it is not packed—and then exactly opposite us enter all the toreadors—that is, all who take part in the fight. Cavaliers (or picadors, as the Spanish call them), bandarilheiros, furcados, and the assistants dressed in rich Georgian costume—in red and blue satin and velvet, with plumed flat hats.

Two cavaliers mounted upon two magnificent steeds, very unlike the wretched animals ridden into the ring to be slaughtered at a Spanish bull-fight; a dozen bandarilheiros and a dozen furcados and the assistants, all in their gay costumes, make a brilliant

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show on the smooth arena. The crash of music, the roar of the populace, and the brilliant spectacle send the Portuguese blood to fever heat; and quickly, after salutations to the King or President, all the toreadors retire and one horseman enters alone. A signal is given, the doors are thrown open, and in rushes a fine black bull. Like an arrow he makes for the horseman, who leaps aside; but Toro is after him, and chases him round the ring. With a deft movement, just as the bull's horns nearly reach the horse's flanks, the cavalier swerves and plants a dart in the bull's shoulders; the matadors rush in, and distract the bull's attention with their red cloaks. The bull no longer cares for horse or man; the red rag is his enemy, and he goes for it, and tosses and paws it and tramples on it until it is snatched from him, and a bandarilheiro stands before him, watches him; and leaps aside when Toro tries to toss him.

At last, maddened, the bull rushes at his tormentor, who races to the barrier of the arena, but halts there; and at the moment the bull's horns seem to touch him, plants his two decorated darts well in the bull's shoulders and the barrier. But the bull leaps after him—half his black body is over the arena at the safest side; but Toro falls and falls back inside the arena, to start to his feet again and rush for the matadors, who advance with their cloaks to draw him toward them.

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New everything—and nothing new!

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King of Norway and Sweden



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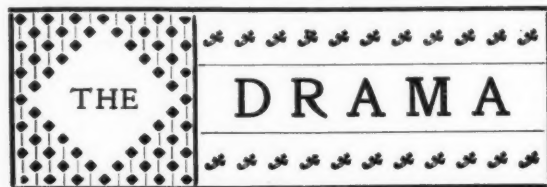
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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

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A REVISED version of Sol Smith Russell's successful comedy, "Hon. John Grigsby," has been played to thin houses at the Grand this week by Mr. Frank Keenan and company. It is one of the most elevated and truthful portrayals of human nature presented on any local stage this winter, and it was discouraging to lovers of the drama as well as to the actors and the management of the house to see such a poor response by the public to an effort that deserved so well. The failure of Toronto theater-goers to give a decent support to "Hon. John Grigsby" while falling over one another to pay for vaudeville and musical comedy, can be explained, however. In the first place, the play is too intensely and exclusively Yankee in sentiment color and historical reference to excite much interest in a Canadian audience. The scene is laid in Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1847, when slavery was commencing to be a political issue throughout "the North-West." The story reeks of the fierce parochial politics and the crude social life of an isolated community at a primitive stage of its development. Canadians are not so ignorant and narrow as not to understand and appreciate the dramatic epochs in their neighbors' history—much better, it may be said, than the "Americans" understand or appreciate similar epochs in ours. But foreign institutions and politics, to be specially interesting to Canadians, in literature or on the stage, must be something better than the parish sort. And it is to be feared that "The Hon. John Grigsby" fails to arouse a responsive note in this country because it is too largely a reflection of the small ways of small people in a small place. For, with the exception of the judge and his slave-teaching protégée, Meg Ronalds, the characters are small people. Lincoln is mentioned but not introduced. The story brings to us a far-away echo of a great struggle, but it does not take us into the struggle itself. It is of too incidental a character to appeal very strongly to audiences not intensely "American" in composition. Then again, Mr. Keenan and his company, having but recently come together for the first time in this piece, were unfamiliar with the lines—a fact that detracted from the smoothness of the performance and made it unduly lengthy. "The Hon. John Grigsby" is, however, notwithstanding any faults, a play that afforded much enjoyment to those Torontonians who witnessed it. When Mr. Keenan gets into the United States and has his company better in hand than now, it will undoubtedly meet with more encouraging patronage.

A sensational disrobing act, including the throwing of a pair of garters to the house as souvenirs, was a feature of this week's performance at Shea's. Mlle. Charmion, a trapeze performer, was the perpetrator of this ancient device for attracting attention. There is an unpleasant suggestiveness inseparable from such an act. As a trapezist, Mlle. Charmion is good but not extraordinary. Bert Coote and company gave a humorous sketch entitled "A Lamb on Wall Street," in which the imitator Mr. Coote impersonated an apparently imperturbable simpleton who surprises people at the critical moment by a display of discernment and resolution. There was nothing particularly striking in the other portions of the performance, which included acrobatic work, whistling, singing, dancing, and club swinging.

"The New Yorkers," in which Dan Daly and company appeared at the Princess the first three nights of this week, is a typical New York Casino melange of music and nonsense, funny even in its stupidities and quite transcending any attempt at definition. The inimitable drolleries of the much-applauded Dan would make anyone laugh. The costumes and accessories were of the most dazzling description. Nothing more sumptuous in scenic realism has been seen on a Toronto stage than the conservatory of Bliethering Towers, Worcester-shire. The chorus was remarkable for both comeliness and sprightliness. One especially good feature of the show was the dancing. Some of the jokes ought to be put on ice—not because they are particularly offensive, but because no joke can be expected to keep good forever.

LANCE.

Papinta, who is said to be the greatest of mirror and fire dancers, will be the feature of a large and expensive vaudeville bill at Shea's Theater next week. Papinta has not appeared in Toronto for more than two years, and during that time her act has improved and advanced in a wonderful degree. New dances have been invented, more modern electrical effects devised, and stage settings improved and enlarged upon, so that the act is now really a big feature. Another novelty on the bill is that of Staley and Birbeck, the musical blacksmiths. After years of labor Mr. Staley perfected the stage mechanism so that he can change from a blacksmith shop to a parlor setting in less than thirty seconds. More wonderful still is the fact that he can change back to the blacksmith shop just as quickly. When the scene opens Staley and Birbeck are in the blacksmith shop working at musical anvils, wheels and other stuff usually seen around a blacksmith shop. After they have played the different instruments for a few minutes, the house is darkened for an instant, and when the lights go up they are standing in a handsomely furnished parlor. Mr. Staley sits at the piano, while Miss Birbeck dances. Darkness again

for an instant, and the blacksmith shop returns. Albert Bellman and Lottie Moore will be seen in a new sketch entitled "Hester's Promise," said to be the very best act that these two artists have been seen in. Rosay Naylor, assisted by Clyde Phillips, will show her marvelous troupe of trained tropical birds. This will be the first time this act has been in Toronto. Lotta Gladstone, "the quaint country girl," who is said to be a very clever little woman, will be another feature of this show. Miss Gladstone will be new to Shea audiences, and advance reports say she has met with great success in other theaters. Tom Muck, a monologist, will help entertain. The Deonzo Brothers, barrel jumpers, and one or two other good acts complete a list of attractions that promises splendid entertainment for the coming week.

Sarah Jennings, the first Duchess of Marlborough, was in many ways one of the most remarkable women in English history. In the new play which Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne will present here at the Princess Theater during the first half of next week, this woman is the central figure, and many of the most interesting incidents and several of the most notable people of Queen Anne's reign are presented. The Duchess, of comparatively humble origin, rose to the most exalted station in England. She ruled the country because she controlled the Queen. She was a woman of great beauty, extraordinary magnetism, and high spirit. She was noted for her splendid devotion to her husband, whose political battles she fought while he was winning the glorious victories which broke the power of Louis XIV.; for her long influence over Anne, extending from girlhood to middle life; for her generosity to Abigail Hill, later Mrs. Masham, a rival and an enemy of the Duchess, and to her brother Jack, who as Colonel Hill led an expedition to Quebec; her outbursts of temper, her fancy in dress, and the curious way in which she mingled a protesting pity for the Queen with absolute devotion to her. Mr. Meltzer has, it is said, drawn a strong picture of this illustrious woman in the play, the presentation of which is sure to be one of the chief theatrical events of the season.

Bert Haverly and an excellent company will appear in a new musical vaudeville novelty at the Grand Opera House next week. The piece is called "The Night of the Fourth," and is said to be sparkling with witty lines and clever quips. Beside the bright particular star, Bert Haverly, whose name ought to guarantee a rich and rollicking entertainment, there are many other clever people in the cast. The story of the play relates to the adventures of Eli Frost, a retired iceman, whose nerves are subject to violent shocks on hearing the least noise. His retreat to an obscure country hotel to pass the "glorious Fourth" in quiet and solitude does not prove a happy move, since the resort is made a rendezvous by an assorted lot of patriots. The star will occupy the stage throughout. Harry Carter, as the son of his father; Bob Watson, in his familiar tramp role; Blanche Aldrich, as Swift's coquettish sweetheart, and Mazie and Willard Ramsdell, as two precocious kids, will share in the honors. An added feature of the entertainment will be the famous Wiseman Serenaders, and the whirlwind dancing of the Ramsdells.

"I don't often get off duty," said Mme. Nordica to a reporter of the New York "Press," "and when my evening is free, I like to watch an amusing performance. This is very funny, and I think those chorus girls are just splendid." The prima donna and her husband occupied a box at the Victoria Theater, and were in high good humor over matters on the stage. Their approval of the bill was shared by the general audience, for laughter was almost continuous, and the spectators made as much noise by their applause as the comedians by their acting. What with bombs, firecrackers, pistol shots, and explosions on the stage, and clamor in the auditorium, Mr. Hammerstein's house was as vehement as a boiler works, and Mme. Nordica experienced what Theodore Roosevelt calls "the strenuous life." "The Night of the Fourth" is no sort of entertainment for folk who are weak in the nerves. It is a kind of apotheosis of Maggie Cline's famous ode to war, "Throw Him Down, McCluskey." The "Press" man, at 11 o'clock, found the audience undiminished, and Mme. Nordica laughing heartily in her box. There is a certain proportion of our citizens who enjoy fun which is fast and furious, and their requirements are fully met by "The Night of the Fourth."

The record of "The Belle of New York," the musical comedy which comes to the Princess Theater during the latter half of next week, is unique in its way. This company, it is said, is the most successful organization ever sent from the New York Casino. After a successful run in United States cities, the production was taken to London, and there it established a record hitherto unprecedented abroad for an American company, of 976 performances. In Australia its success was equally noteworthy, and a run of 342 performances was achieved. At home the success of "The Belle" has never been approached by a similar attraction, and at the conclusion of last season the astonishing record figured up 1,682 performances. Together this makes a total of 2,000 times that "The Belle of New York" has been given. It is a reputation Mr. Sam S. Shubert is justly proud of, and his company is starting out this season to roll up more centuries for the popular musical comedy.

When Parker Came to Toronto.

THE world, ever sceptical at heart, contents itself with nothing short of a material revelation. If we have heard of a great man we wish to see him. And there is, to be candid, a legitimate satisfaction in looking upon the face, hearing the voice and, it may be, touching the hand of one who has made his mark on the thought and opinion of a wide constituency. For the vast majority of men are—necessarily, of course—parochial in their sphere, and those who have stirred up comment beyond the pale of their own hamlet, or town, or county, or province, are properly subjects of interest to all the others. A man who has won a more than local reputation, in whatever field he may have done so, must and ought to be regarded as a sociological phenomenon worthy of some attention and study.

Call it curiosity, or whatever you will, it was doubtless this feeling that drew a good many persons to the Gilbert Parker banquet, given under the auspices of the Canadian Club. How many of those present were familiar with Mr. Parker's novels and desired to honor him on account of these? Doubtless a large number of the banqueters had read, and had some sort of recollection of, one or more of his stories. Doubtless a considerable number, however, had read little or nothing of the product of his pen. Some may read Parker now who had not done so. Nor is this said in disparagement of this popular author's achievements, for his books have had liberal sale and intelligent appreciation in Canada.

Those who were not honoring Gilbert Parker the author, the writer of absorbing romances, the resourceful entertainer of thousands, went desiring to see and hear a man of whom they had read in the papers and magazines, whose name they had often heard spoken, who was not a mere "literary fellow," but also a politician, a member of the British House of Commons, an Imperialist, and, with all this, a brother Canadian. They were curious to look upon their successful countryman and to hear what he might say about himself, about the land of his birth, the land of his adoption, and things in general. It would be worth a couple of dollars to have come into some sort of personal contact with a social lion—a gentleman so frequently mentioned in the public prints and in polite converse.

To such as approached Mr. Parker from this point of view, he was doubtless in some respects a disappointment, and in other respects all that could be desired. No man is perfect, and so it often happens that the ideal set up in people's minds on the pedestal of a great reputation is shattered when they come in contact with the substance in place of the shadow. Comely and good to look upon, Mr. Gilbert Parker (a picture of whom appeared in last week's



CHANCELLOR VON BUELOW OF GERMANY,
With whom Mr. Chamberlain has had a wordy war.

"Saturday Night" would be noticed in any assemblage of men, were he the merest tyro in his vocation. Nature has been kind to him, not only in looks, but in voice, which is strong and melodious. He is faultlessly outfitted in clothes of unmistakably English cut and style. A monologue dangles on his shirt-bosom, and this he "screws" into his right eye occasionally to glance at his notes, letting it fall again in that careless, lackadaisical way that is "de rigueur" in London. On the whole, Mr. Parker's appearance and bearing, his way of doing things, suggest some slight degree of pose. At all events, he evidently believes that having become an Englishman, he must speak and do, not as a Canadian, but as the English, and certainly he has been an apt pupil and has succeeded well in a by no means easy task.

Over Mr. Parker's style of speaking, as judged by the sample he produced at the Canadian Club banquet, it is difficult to enthuse. His oratory is of the florid and emotional style. There is a tremolo in the deeper tones of his voice which he uses, consciously or unconsciously, with good effect, where he desires to lay stress. His tones are full, his words well enunciated. But did any speaker ever get away from his predicates as he? Gladstone got far enough from his. The great English Liberal would wander through mazes of parentheses, but he always came safely back and made connections at the right station in the end. Mr. Gilbert Parker, it would be correct to say, has no predicates. He starts out with a lot of adjectives and nouns, but before he has worked in a verb, some collateral matter, some side issue, projects itself upon his attention; this suggests some other collateral matter, and in the end there is no sentence, but strangely enough there is always an intelligible idea. His parentheses remind one, to borrow an illustration that is not new, of those Indian boxes, one of which you open, only to find another; you open that one, and it contains still one more. You go on till you come to the last; you open it and find—nothing but the end of a series of boxes. Mr. Parker is not, like Gladstone, "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," but he is possibly so oppressed with his new-found dignity and responsibility as a British M.P. that he fears to say something that might be quoted, and weighs his utterance so carefully that he succeeds in saying nothing that can be reported apart from an interminable context.

Mr. Parker's parenthetical constructions woefully obscure his matter and make it difficult to remember. Nothing was clear-cut and definite. Outside of his criticism of Kipling, how much of his speech will be recalled by those who heard it, ten days after it was delivered? And the portion that is likely to be remembered is one in which Mr. Parker is possibly on unsafe ground. For there is a feeling abroad, at least in Canada, that Kipling did the right thing in getting after the people who have made a religion of sport. The "Outlook," one of the broadest-minded of English periodicals, has for some time been denouncing the undue attention paid to sports. It has gone so far as to suggest a new source of revenue for the British Government in the taxing of gate receipts—a suggestion which in itself conveys some idea of the lengths to which the craze for "sport" must have been carried.

By way of a foil to Mr. Parker in both matter and manner, the Hon. George E. Foster, the other speaker at the Canadian Club banquet, afforded a pleasant contrast. Mr. Foster is clear-cut and incisive in everything he says. He has humor, in which Mr. Gilbert Parker is rather lacking, and his sentiments are far less lofty and inspiring. Time has brought great changes to the former Finance Minister of Canada, and his desire for human sympathy seems to have made him more sympathetic to others. His address could not fail to be carried away by the young men who heard it, and to be productive of higher ideals for and greater faith in their native land. The daily papers, including those of Mr. Foster's own stripe, thought so much of it that they failed to give it more than half a dozen lines each. Thus did the lion of the moment overshadow the former Finance Minister of the Dominion, who is admittedly our most able orator after Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

LANCE.

Around the World in a Canoe.

ADVICES from Sydney, New South Wales, give the details of the safe arrival there on November 20 of Captain J. C. Voss in the forty-foot Indian canoe "Tilikum" in which he sailed from Victoria, B.C., early in July. He was alone most of the voyage from Fiji. Captain Voss and A. K. Luxton started out on a wager of \$10,000 to circumnavigate the earth in this little Indian canoe. The canoe is a cedar dug-out, four feet wide, and contains cabin accommodations for two. At both ends are



ROUTE OF THE "TILIKUM."

watertight bulkheads, which make it very seaworthy, and it has two masts. The voyage of 6,400 miles to Apia, Samoa, was made almost without incident. For fifty-six days after leaving Vancouver they saw neither sail nor land. Then they sighted Penrhyn Island. Apia was reached on October 10. At Fiji Luxton concluded to go by steamer to Sydney, and Voss hired a sailor named Louis Degonte, a native of New Zealand, but the man was washed overboard five days out while he was handling the compass to Voss. The next voyage will be from Sydney to Ceylon.

A Yard of Milk.

John Flanagan, the big policeman who has his beat along Third avenue, above Fourteenth street, strolled out of the rain, the other day, into a grocery store, above Seventeenth street, and seeing a big crock of milk on the counter, he said:

"Will ye give me a yard or so o' milk, me bhoy?"
The "bhoy," himself not slow, dipped his finger into the crock and drew a line about a yard long on the counter.
"Here you are, sir. Five cents, please."
"Thin rowl it up an Oi'll take it home!" said John.—New York "Times."

Notes From the Capital.

Unusual Series of Bereavements in Social Circles.—Society's Chief Diversion is Attending Lectures.—Violets to be Worn in Memory of Queen Victoria's Death.—An Engagement and a Marriage.—The Mayor of Fifty Years Ago Congratulates the New Mayor.

OTTAWA'S endeavors to be gay seemed to be doomed to fail. Nothing but postponements happen here. One spurt of gaiety after another has been nipped in the bud, and as sad events follow quickly one after another, there is a succession of gloomy days for society. In other cities this sort of thing would not be so keenly felt, perhaps, as it is in Ottawa. But here society is not numerous, and so when inside of a month four or five families in society are plunged into mourning, it causes a general feeling of depression. Last week the Women's Morning Music Club postponed a concert they were to have had on Thursday morning, out of deference to Mrs. Gwynne, who was a vice-president of the club, and who was in deep sorrow caused by the death of Mr. Justice Gwynne. Later in the week a skating party, for Friday afternoon at the Rideau Rink, was postponed owing to the death of Mr. Arthur Rowley, and for the same reason the only ball that was in prospect—the Charity Ball for the Children's Hospital—is postponed till Easter because Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rowley were among the principal people interested in getting it up. As they are in the deepest of grief, those who were working with them did not feel that it was quite the thing to continue preparations without them. Mr. Arthur Rowley was one of the most popular young men in society, a tall, fine looking man and a member of the principal clubs of Ottawa. His death at such an early age is particularly sad, more especially as he was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rowley. Following upon these two deaths of last week came the news that Mr. R. R. Dobell had been killed while riding near Folkestone, England, and once again general regret is awakened. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. R. W. Scott, and other members of the Cabinet who were in town when the news came, expressed the greatest sorrow at the sudden calling away of their colleague, and at once sent messages of sympathy to Mrs. Dobell. Mr. Dobell was an open-handed, generous man, and whatever he may have had within the arena of politics, he had not an enemy outside of it.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was ill for several days at the beginning of the week, suffering from a cold, and was confined to the house. It was, however, nothing serious, and he is now about again.

It appears to be pretty well settled that Parliament will open on the 13th of February, just one day after Ash Wednesday, and so the gloom of Lent will be over the first weeks of the session. However, Lent or no Lent, the session is always a time of brightness. It cannot be otherwise when so many visitors flock to the Capital. Fortunately dinners and teas are not considered out of place in Lent.

Meanwhile the chief diversion of society is attending lectures. There are many of these intellectual treats to cheer these times of social depression. On last Monday afternoon Mr. John Francis Waters gave a delightful lecture on Charlotte Bronte before that prominent young ladies' club, the May Court, and numerous friends of the club members were there to improve their minds in union with the Court. The Countess of Minto came, attended by Lady Ruby Elliot and Lady Adelaide Talloway. Mr. Waters is giving a course of four lectures, all of them in the afternoon and all of them, as is always the way with this popular lecturer, upon most interesting subjects. Mr. Waters is the most untiring of lecturers, and his name is on a programme prepared by the Youville Reading Circle, which is, as I think I mentioned, a reading circle got up by the Alumnae Association of the Rideau street convent. It meets on the evening of every second Tuesday in the music hall of the convent, and discusses current literature. On the 22nd, Dr. McGinnis of Brooklyn is to lecture under the auspices of the circle. Dr. McGinnis is president of the International Catholic Truth Society.

The Women's Historical Society decided at their last meeting that violets should be worn by the members on the 22nd of January in memory of the late Queen. It is probable that many people in Ottawa will be seen wearing this emblem of grief on that date.

An engagement which has been announced since the New Year came in is that of pretty Miss Irene Glassmacker to Mr. Frank Macdougall of Dawson City. Mr. Macdougall is really of Ottawa, but four years ago he went up to Dawson to make his fortune, which he has evidently succeeded in doing, and he came down to spend Christmas and a few weeks' holidays with his mother, Mrs. Archibald Macdougall. He and Miss Glassmacker were engaged when he went away from Ottawa four years ago, but for some reason the engagement was broken off last spring. Whatever was the cause of the break, it is all settled now, the marriage will take place before the end of this month, and Mr. Macdougall will take his bride back with him to Dawson City.

Last week Mr. Frank Bate, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bate, was married to Miss Frances Hackett. The marriage was a quiet one, only the relatives of the young people being at the ceremony, which was in All Saints' Church, and was followed by a breakfast at the residence of Mrs. Hackett. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bate are at present in New York, and on their return will reside at Trennick House with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bate. Mrs. Aldous of Winnipeg and Miss Aldous are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bate.

It does not frequently happen that a worshipful Mayor upon being sworn into office receives congratulations from a gentleman who went through the same procedure in the same city fifty years before. Such, however, was the experience of Mr. Fred Cook, and the gentleman who congratulated him was Hon. R. W. Scott, who in the year 1852 was Mayor of Bytown. Mr. Scott was almost the first to congratulate Mr. Cook, and although the fifty years have whitened his beard and his hair, he could not have been more erect, or in apparently more perfect health, when, as a young man of twenty-six, he became the chief magistrate of the flourishing little town which he has assisted very greatly in reaching its present importance as one of the Capitals of the world, than he is to-day.

Hon. Lionel Guest, who has been visiting at Government House for some weeks, is for the present on His Excellency's staff as aide-de-camp. Lord and Lady Grey are expected in Ottawa shortly. They will be the guests of Lord and Lady Minto.

Mrs. Prince, wife of Professor Prince, was the hostess at a large afternoon tea on Tuesday last. There is a rumor that a number of young ladies will be the hostesses at a skating party on Monday evening.

AMARYLLIS.

A Poet's Egotism.

Charles Stewart, a British lawyer, has lately published a volume of reminiscences, and in it tells two stories about Tennyson, whom he found self-conscious and accessible to flattery. "A little niece of mine," he relates, "was one day standing beside his chair; he lifted her up and placed her on his knee for half a minute, and then he put her down, saying: 'Now, you can say that you have sat on Tennyson's knee.'"

On another occasion Tennyson was Jowett's guest at the Master's Lodge, Balliol, with a few other men, and after some good talk the poet had retired early to his room. Next morning at breakfast Tennyson was in a silent mood, but as the men were rising from the table he said: "Jowett, after I left you last night I wrote a few verses; I am not sure that I have ever done anything better; I will read them to you." Jowett, preparing to go off for his day's work, replied, hastily: "Oh, no, thank you, Tennyson; I've no time for that sort of thing just now; I am very busy."

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A Tour of the Churches

No. 9.
How the Casual Visitor is Impressed
BY "DON."

A COUPLE of letters, from amongst many evidences that the spirit of these pulpit criticisms is appreciated, are published in this column. It is not the habit of this paper to print congratulatory letters, but it seems only fair to give the reader some inkling of how gracefully some of the gentlemen criticized take the well-meant suggestions, which others, I am led to believe, resent. Perhaps at the end of the series, which is likely to last for some time, I may publish various other opinions—up to the present I have seen but one unfavorable comment, and that in a denominational paper—but until then I shall refrain from inserting any further remarks either laudatory or disparaging, lest I seem to be endeavoring to bolster up my opinions by adding those of others. In the meantime, all letters received will be gratefully considered by

DON.

Not "Merely a Cynical Trifler."

Don, "Saturday Night."

Dear Sir,—Although your criticism on St. Peter's Church—its walls, decorations, reader and preacher, was sufficiently caustic, I feel constrained to express my pleasure at the earnestness of tone which pervades the article. From what I had heard of previous articles, I feared that you were merely a cynical trifler. I rejoice that this is not so; and can only wish you all success in the extremely difficult task you have taken upon yourself of preaching to the parsons. We ought to feel very grateful to you for taking us in hand, seeing that no one else will. Our wives (if we have them) will not, our friends would prefer to remain friends, and as for our congregations, they have a good deal to say—when we are not there. Consequently our only hope is in the press as administered by an impartial judge and sincere seeker after truth like yourself. I will confess that, so far as the preacher was concerned, I do not think you were more than a thousand miles from the truth, whilst there were some suggestions for which I particularly thank you.

Yours faithfully, Wm. Carey Ward.

82 Sherbourne street, January 13, 1902.

Newspaper Imitators.

My Dear Don,—Will you permit me, as an old reader of your paper, to congratulate you on your excellent articles dealing with various churches and their clergymen. They are written in an admirable spirit of understanding. It has been interesting to observe in this matter how great is the power of example, for you not only go to church yourself, but you seem to have led the press generally to church, for never within my memory have the newspapers been devoting so much space to the reporting of Sunday sermons as since you began your tour of the different places of worship. This is a good thing, and if you have succeeded in bringing the press into permanent sympathy with the churches you will have done a service which I think is one of the greatest a man could do at the present time. Wishing you all prosperity, I am, yours, etc.,

A Pleased Reader.

"Rev." Victor Wyldes—Spiritualist.

JESUS OF NAZARETH: His Character and Personal Habits. This announcement caught my eye as I glanced through the church advertisements in one of last Saturday's papers. I have always been anxious to read or hear definite opinions of students of Bible history with regard to the human part of Christ's life, and though I had assigned myself to a church in the West End, I resolved to spend last Sunday evening with the spiritualists of the "First Psychic Science Church," which meets in Richmond Hall and is presided over by a "clairvoyant" who is advertised as "Rev." Victor Wyldes. The people who "hire a hall" either for purposes of worship or instruction are generally pretty much in earnest, and, as a rule, peculiar. The "ten cents accepted at the door" indicated that, directly at least, it was not a money-making scheme, the revenue in sight being evidently insufficient to pay expenses, not more than a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five people being present. The accessories were not of a worshipping nature: a card just back of the preacher requesting "gentle" to smoke or spit in this building. The piano had something seriously wrong with its system, while the "gent" who played certainly was not Paderewski, no matter who or what else he might have been. The congregation, made up of people from the middle walks of life, were well dressed, orderly and intelligent, though the women seemed to me to be hard-featured and their eyes had a feverish look which one does not usually see amongst those who are really happy and content. The men appeared to be kinder and more gentle than the women, and it struck me that they had probably been induced to indulge in spiritualism at the request or through the influence of their female friends. A bright-faced and pleasing gentleman with a boutonniere introduced the speaker of the evening and took his seat beside that of the "pastor."

Rev. Victor Wyldes is as unlike a pastor, or a "Rev." gentleman of any kind, as could be found if all the barber shops and the Italian quarter were given a microscopic examination. Of medium height, thin to skinniness, with a big black moustache which had a spooky fashion of creeping up beside his nose; longish black hair brushed back from an intellectual forehead, at the top and center of which it had formed a Mephistophelian triangle, much affected by those who play Machiavellian parts on the stage. His sallow face was lit up by a pair of extraordinary eyes which were never at rest. They dodged about under cavernous eyebrows, winking and blinking, and with flashes of cynically humorous cunning hardly human. The opening hymn, "Death's Stream Bridged," had been droned along to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," the tin-panny piano and the congregation differing as to the time to an extent which gave me "nerves," so when this Machiavellian spectre began to speak in the tones of an Italian auctioneer I felt sorry I was there. The nasal thundering of a distinctly foreign accent amidst pauses painfully long, and the trailing of r-r-r-r's until I wondered the man did not loosen his teeth, made me think of home, sweet home, and as to whether it would be considered very rude if I got up and went out.

No chapter had been read, and finally it struck me that the speaker was engaging in prayer. Sometimes his upturned eyes were closed; again he would be blinking as if some great, supernatural light were blazing into them, and I found him addressing some great Being "enthroned in the infinite stillness." If it was a prayer it was a strange one, and by no means effective. When he began to address the audience the same excessive Latin accent was observable, but it soon grew less oppressive and at times disappeared, leaving in its place a very pretty Dublin brogue, which also occasionally gave way to unmistakably good English. At the close of his remarks he told us that he had been largely under the influence of someone by the name of Calvert, who, while on earth, was not known as a great spiritualist, but now had much to do in carrying messages between the living and the dead. The spirit of the late Mr. Calvert is unfortunate in doing his thinking in so many different accents.

As to the subject matter, I am free to confess it was extraordinary and striking. The address, which lasted over an hour, in thought and composition was brilliant, but it was the brilliance of an icicle. The spirit of aggression, criticism,



LANDMARKS OF TORONTO.—NO. 3.

cism, cynicism, and contempt for creeds and bad spiritualists bewildered and unsettled the mind without offering anything in return for that which he sought to overturn. His introductory theme was love, and the statement that "Christ went about doing good." But his appearance, his voice, everything but his words, were unlovely, and when he eulogized the gentle spirit of charity most he seemed to possess it least. He told us that he approached the subject of Jesus of Nazareth, His character and personal habits, with a-ba-solutely gr-gr-grovel-l-ing r-r-r-r-reverence." Yet it seemed not so, for he described a sance—Joseph and Mary, he contended, were both great mediums—at which a journey to Egypt was revealed to them as necessary to the young child's life. Doubtless they lived, when away, in some center of thought and learning for which Egypt was celebrated, and the growing lad was sent to school and developed into a very "smart boy." (An Irish spirit seemed to have possession of the clairvoyant at this moment.) When next we hear of Him he was twelve years of age, and like many precocious "bys," seemed impatient of restraint and ran away from his mother, she finally discovering him in the temple arguing with the doctors of law and logic, and giving them the worst of it, too, as many a youngster does with that childish wisdom which we cannot understand and to which we can make no reply. She called to him, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." And He answered her, almost rudely, it would seem, "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my father's business? And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them." And do we? After this we heard no more of Him for eighteen years, during which time it is generally thought that He remained at home, subject to His parents.

His first recorded miracle was at Cana of Galilee, where He proved that He was no prohibitionist by changing water into wine, thus showing Himself possessed of the rare gifts of the creative medium. His mother had great faith in Him, though when she spoke to Him about the absence of wine He said to her sharply, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." Nevertheless, she said unto the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Not only did He make wine, but He made good wine, and made no secret of it, for there was no whisper sent around warning the guests not to tell, as if He were ashamed had done something that He should not have done. He challenged contradiction when he asserted that the wine spoken of in the Scriptures was of an intoxicating quality, for almost invariably when the effects of its excessive use are spoken of it is in connection with drunkenness or a warning with regard to it.

Pursuing his topic, he said he often wondered why Christ did not marry. Probably it was because if He had done so, all the women loving Him as they did, it would have made all but the fortunate one selected, jealous of Him. Perhaps it was because the Pharisees and the exceedingly self-righteous in Jerusalem gave Him such a bad reputation, for a man in order to marry well must have a good reputation. When John the Baptist came fasting they cried "He hath a devil," but when Christ came eating and drinking they called Him "a gluttonous man, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." He remarked parenthetically that many a man in the city of Toronto is given a bad reputation for no better reason. But then Christ associated with the fallen that He might raise them and do them good. Even amongst the women whose names are mentioned many were sinners, and one bathed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head.

Enough has been given to show the unusual line this strange speaker took in addressing a peculiar people. With regard to the miraculous nature of Christ's birth, Mr. Wyldes, as might be expected, took the Unitarian view and contended that every child born of love and faithfulness is born of the Holy Spirit, and if designed for a special mission is endowed with such special powers as he may need. If asked, he said he would not deny that the churches and creeds had done a great work, but their day was past, and now people should learn of the Spirit. He did not tell us how, though he announced development circles, where these powers were presumably cultivated. He admitted that if asked to define spiritualism he would be unable to do so, as it would be utterly impossible to describe or formulate the infinite mind of the infinite Spirit. He said there were bad spirits as well as good ones, and humbugs as well as honest mediums—too many of them!

Altogether, the address was a remarkable one, much above the heads of his hearers in its fineness. I am afraid, and therefore likely to do harm to those who heard it, and possibly unlikely to do good even when thus roughly reported. His flashes of cynical humor seemed to be best appreciated, and it is not unlikely that those remarks, which almost degenerated into jests, would be the only sections of his subject generally remembered. I know I came away with an unpleasant and unhappy sensation of having heard things irreverently put, for in the beautiful sermons of the Unitarian Church are some of the loveliest and most uplifting ideals of Christ life and Christ-like life that have been created in the mind of man.

The clairvoyant tests at the end of the address lasted for a considerable time, but except in one instance were failures. In the successful case the medium told a lady in the audience that a spirit desired to communicate with her. The spirit gave him the sensation of being strangled, and he asked her if any relative of hers had died in strangulation. I could not see her face, but her ears grew very red as she nodded affirmatively. He gave the spirit's first name and the name of a companion in the other world who knew her as "Polly." The lady admitted that she had been so called in her youth. This somewhat emboldened the medium, who told her that the spirit of the man who had died of hanging had been purified and was doing well. The blushing old lady then announced, in a somewhat determined voice, "I want to say that he was only a relative on my husband's side." This caused a titter, and the "conditions" apparently refused thereafter to get into proper shape, for further communications were rejected by those to whom addressed—possibly for fear of further revelations of an unpleasant sort. At any rate, no collusion was even suspected. It was the first time I ever attended a meeting of "spirits," and I cannot say that I have any longing for a repetition of the experience.

DON.

The Rectifier.

WAGSTAFF'S wife believes him to be truly ferocious. Wagstaff half believes himself at times. At all events, he likes to picture himself as a stern, exacting character. He is always telling how he shut up this person or the other in argument, how he purposes bringing Smith or Jamieson about with a sharp turn in the matter of that V they owe him, how he is going to walk right into headquarters and have some old abuse corrected or some hoary injustice wiped off the slate.

In his home, indeed in every place where Mrs. Wagstaff has had the opportunity to observe him personally, Wagstaff is the meekest, not to say most apologetic, of men. But she attributes his gentleness in her sight to the mollifying influence of tender love. Away from the magic of her presence, Mrs. Wagstaff pictures "Waggy" as an uncompromising, relentless person, cutting a wide swath irresistibly through society.

And Wagstaff, to tell the truth, frequently imagines himself in the role of a swath-cutter. Most men, it may be observed, do imagine themselves in the roles for which they are conspicuously unfitted. Thus do we compensate ourselves for Nature's omissions, and become, in fancy at least, possessors of the things we lack.

If Cleaver has sent the meat late for dinner, "This is the last time it will occur, Jane," says Mr. Wagstaff. "I'll make it my business to call and give Cleaver a piece of my mind to-morrow morning. If he can't serve us properly there are others who can, and I'll simply inform Mr. Cleaver that if this unseemly and annoying delay occurs once again—only once, my dear—I shall transfer our custom to Steel."

Next morning, if Mr. Wagstaff has not forgotten the incident and Cleaver's shop is not too far out of his way, he calls there, and this is what he says:

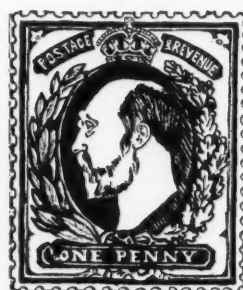
"Ah, good morning, Cleaver. Pleasant weather, isn't it? Hope you are well. Mrs. Wagstaff will not require any meat to-day, I think, and by the way, that roast you sent yesterday was a trifle late. It wouldn't have made much difference, only Mrs. Wagstaff and I were going to the theater. Try and see that the boy delivers our meat earlier, won't you, like a good fellow? Good morning."

Pleasant old Waggy! Those fierce verbal encounters of his are enacted in his mind only. At a safe distance he fumes and rages against all and sundry knaves and dolts who cumber the fair earth and make life a burden for honest and diligent folk. If he really said or did half the terrible things for which he takes credit, tradespeople, officials and delinquents generally would certainly have to "sit up."

But the world has more Wagstaffs than it or they suspect. And perhaps that is one reason why it has so many Cleavers.

T.

Two Official Heads of King Edward.



The new English Stamp and the new Gold Sovereign, both somewhat enlarged.

Matrimony on a New Basis.

A MISSOURI pastor has caused considerable sensation by expressing his belief that women should make marriage proposals when they feel like it. In his congregation there are about three hundred members, and last year only about a dozen of them got married. For this the pastor is disposed to blame the women on the ground of timidity. It seems to me that if a woman is too shy to encourage a man up to the point of proposing marriage she can hardly be expected to brace up and do the proposing herself. Doubtless there are some men too timid to ask the important question, and I am told that when refused even the bravest of the sterner sex feel exceedingly cheap. How would a woman feel if her proposal should be even kindly but firmly declined? The women who reject men generally tell, even if they do not boast, about it, and it is to be feared that in this respect the male sex would be no more reticent, and thus the gentle suitor would be even more the object of merry-making than the old maid who has always been passed by.

The Missouri pastor, however, holds that the old-fashioned idea that women are dependent upon men should no longer prevail, as so many women have become men's economic equals and should therefore avail themselves of the legitimate privileges of proposing, which hitherto have been reserved for men only, excepting during leap year, when there is said to be relief from these conventions—a relief which is only traditional and supposititious. Relief from the present somewhat embarrassing situation could be had without any sacrifice of dignity if woman would cease to blushingly admit of the offers of marriage she has had, and keep inviolate the secret which the man betrays to her when he tells her that he loves her and asks her to marry him. As a rule a man can offer a woman no greater token of confidence than to ask her to be his wife, and if she refuses she has no right, even tacitly, to betray this confidence lest it may injure his feelings or his chances to marry someone else. Neither men nor women like to be known as "taking the leaveings" of someone else. Men do not, as a rule, confess to having been rejected, except to forestall the fun which their friends may feel like indulging in at their expense. If women are left without proposals of marriage the sex is largely to blame for it, not, as the clergyman says, because of their timidity, but on account of their well-known tendency to do too much talking.

Probably it would be a good scheme looking towards easing the conditions under which proposals of marriage are made and facilitating the preliminary steps, for matrimonial societies to be formed—in connection with churches, for instance—the male and female members having an equal right to make proposals and pledging themselves, on pain of expulsion, never to reveal the fact that they have rejected an offer of marriage. This seems to me to solve

the difficulty, if there be one, for I really see no reason why a woman, who is intuitively the best judge of human nature, should not select her mate with the same freedom which is enjoyed by men. This applies with particular force to those self-supporting women who could not be suspected of proposing marriage in order to obtain a home; but even if a woman were mostly actuated by the desire for a home of her own, why should she be ashamed to suggest it? Perhaps a refusal or two would do her good; she would likely hear in what respects she fell short of the masculine ideal.

It may not be in accordance with tradition or what is presumed to be the natural method of selection for women to make advances to men, yet there is a good deal of nonsense talked about the aggressiveness of one sex and the timidity of the other. Probably in the majority of instances the handsome or educated woman quietly makes up her mind that she will attract a certain man to her side and keep him there till he proposes marriage, and though he may think that he has a good deal to do with it, he would be surprised to know, as he seldom knows, how much the girl and her mother and her married sisters and relatives had to do with selecting him as the best matrimonial material available. If he is selfish or silly and does not come up to the proposing point with reasonable promptitude, he becomes an embarrassment, and there is no reason on earth why there should not be a good straight talk and final settlement of the question the moment this embarrassment begins. In endeavoring to capture a mate, I imagine that many women permit themselves to be treated with a selfishness or familiarity which they would not endure if it were considered proper under any circumstances to mention the shortness of life, the scarcity of opportunities, and the necessity of being businesslike. It will be impossible to sustain the present relations if the New Woman continues to become more independent both in her manners and her methods of living. At present she demands the same amount of protection and gentleness as she did when she was really timid and too inexperienced to take care of herself. Timidity is really increasing amongst men and decreasing amongst women. It takes a man of nerve to suggest marriage to a woman who can support herself as a spinster more readily than he can support her as a wife. The number of self-supporting women is increasing with enormous rapidity, and matrimony with them would mean very much of a business partnership, and it might be just as well, under such circumstances, to put it on a business basis.

M. D.

Every Man His Own Policeman.

SP EAKING of the great results achieved by the policy of the majority of the immense railway corporations in forbidding their train despatchers, locomotive engineers, conductors and switchmen the use of alcoholic beverages, not only in their working hours, but altogether during their term of employment, "Harper's Weekly" points out the growth and influence of this greatest of all prohibitory measures. It is not many years since travelers were accustomed to see trainmen drifting into the bar of the station refreshment-room where the stoppage was sufficiently long to furnish an opportunity, and even within the last decade it has not been rare on some roads to see the conductor, engineer, and perhaps the train despatcher off duty, strolling into a saloon for a drink. It is perhaps nearly twenty years since the officials, as a rule, in view of the terrible accidents and destruction of life and property attributable to tipsiness, began to check the drinking habit by forbidding those in responsible positions to touch liquor during their hours on duty, but now railroad managers are pooling their interests in respect to the drink question, so that these great corporations are gradually eliminating the drunkard or the drinking man from the railway service. Every competent railroad man understands this, and he will advise a beginner ambitious to work up in the service to give up absolutely the habit of tipping or drinking at home or in public. No man, however bright, can expect to make a success in railroading who is not willing to yield to this inexorable rule of the road. Thus, from the highest down to the lowest, the railroad men are invariably temperate and sober, and if they ever had the habit of drinking they have bravely overcome it. Consequently the force of example set by this great body of workmen is far more powerful in its effects than any preaching or open advocacy of temperance from a moral point of view. The railroads demand the strictest sobriety, and by rigidly enforcing the rule voluntary teetotalism is spreading throughout the thousands and millions of their employees.

The business world generally is pursuing much the same policy, and the man who is known to be a hard drinker, no matter how bright he may be or how skilled in his business, finds it hard to obtain a position of trust or emolument. Thus the old element brought up expecting to take their drinks as regularly as their meals is disappearing, and the younger men are taking the hint that if they expect to advance themselves they must not only stay sober themselves, but associate with none but sober and reliable companions. This class of training is vastly more valuable than any prohibitory law that can be passed by a community, a province or a country, for it has the exceedingly good effect of making every man his own policeman, and every reputable business office a temperance organization. Until a community recognizes that not only excessive but habitual drinking is an evil, a prohibitory law cannot be enforced, and when public sentiment has become so advanced as to partially at least ostracize the "hoozer," it is doubtful whether any prohibitory law is required to supplement public opinion.

AB STAINER.

A great many men are victims of misplaced confidence—in themselves.—"Judge."

At the Mission School Tea.

"Punch."



Unregenerate Youth—Pass the seedy cake. Parson's Daughter—If I— If I— Unregenerate Youth—If 'e don't I'll shove 'im in the face!

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Tate's Date.

There was a young person named Tate. Who dined his best girl at eight eight. But I am unable to state What the person named Tate And his tete-a-tete ate at eight eight.

—Ex.

'The Queen' Died

JANUARY 22nd, 1901.

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Anecdotal.

It is related that once, when a captain in the army was cornered by the enemy, he addressed his men as follows: "My men, fight like demons until your powder gives out, then run. I'm a little lame, I'll start now."

An English rector on coming into a new parish, asked the clerk if there were any Puseyites (followers of Dr. Pusey, a high churchman) in the community. "No, sir," replied the clerk; "there used to be some, but for the last two years the boys have took all their eggs."

Mark Twain was recently chaffing Sir Wemyss Reid on the vagaries of English pronunciation. "You spell a name B-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l, and pronounce it Marchbanks," he said. "And you do precisely the same thing," replied Sir Wemyss. "What do you mean?" asked Mark Twain. "Well, you spell your name C-l-e-m-e-n-s, and you pronounce it Twain."

An error of a new clerk in the mailing department of an English publishing house was responsible the other day for the mailing of a prospectus to a world-famous statesman, who had been dead for some years. The letter was returned a few days later, with the following endorsement: "In Heaven, 1901. Gentlemen: As your publications are not permitted to circulate here, I believe it would be useless for me to subscribe for them. Yours respectfully," and here followed the name of the famous statesman.

When asked what he thought of a certain captain who frequented the Essex links, a Scotch caddy said: "Weel, sir, he's a vera nice gentleman an' a good gauffer, but he's awfu' nerra-awfu' nerra." "Narrow?" "What do you mean, Donald?" "Weel, sir, it's this way. Efter the game was ower, and I had carried his clubs up tae the house, he says: 'Donald, will ye hae a draw?' and I said: 'I do be verra pleased,' so he gets the bottle, an' he pourin' aw' intae a glass, an' I wantin' tae be genteel, says: 'Stop! stop—an' he stopp'd.'

What to do with Jefferson Davis should he be captured, was a problem that puzzled Lincoln's Cabinet not a little. In speaking of it to General Grant one day, the President remarked: "There was once an Irishman who had signed the Father Mathew temperance pledge. Going into a saloon to get a glass of lemonade to quench his thirst, he leaned over and whispered to the barkeeper: 'And couldn't you put a little brandy in the unbeknownst to me, sir?' So," continued Mr. Lincoln, "let Davis escape all unbeknownst to yourself if you can."

L. R. Stockwell, the popular actor, says that some years ago in San Francisco, when Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, was a feature in a revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Billy" Nye was to have lectured at the Baldwin Theater, but was greeted by so small an audience that he excused himself and went over to hear Jackson talking of the pearly gates to Little Eva. After the performance Stockwell met Nye in the lobby of the theater, and he exclaimed: "Hello, Nye! What did you think of Peter?" "Well," responded the humorist, dryly, "anatomically he was great, but Uncle Tom! He is the worst I ever saw."

Dr. Varnadoe, a noted professor of Greek, is very fond of flowers, and some days ago, on returning from his college duties, he found in his front yard a pestiferous calf belonging to a neighbor. The doctor gave chase, and the animal plunged toward the flower-bed, and in another instant crashed through the glass cover and mixed at random with the pots and plants before him. When another professor passed a few minutes later, he said, gravely: "I do not understand, Dr. Varnadoe, why you should object so seriously to having a modest cowslip added to your fine collection of plants." The doctor's frowning face relaxed. "Ah, Sanborn," he retorted, "you see, this was only a worthless bulrush."

Not long ago a tourist in New Orleans went to see the statue of Andrew Jackson in that city, on the pedestal of which is inscribed, "United We Stand; Divided We Fall." Seeing an old colored man standing by, he asked, "Uncle, did that inscription state there all during the Civil War?" "No, sah," responded the old uncle, "his name was Andrew Jackson, and he was a white man, den letters was standin' out lak dey was plastered on. Den de wah bust loose, and de Confedrate gin'ral bust yers, he tuk a chisel and cut dem letters off smooth. Den ol' Gin'ral Butlers, he come along wid his Union soldiers, an' he tuk a chisel an' cut dem in deep, lak dey is now. An', Lordy, how de folks down yere did swar when dey tuk dem letters off!"

When the late President of the United States and party went west not many months before he was shot, Mrs. McKinley, it will be remembered, went too. While talking one day with Mr. Scott, the man who built the battleship "Oregon," relates a writer in the Boston "Journal," Mrs. McKinley said: "Oh, do you play cribbage, Mr. Scott?" "Yes," was the great shipbuilder's answer. "Well, so do I," said Mrs. McKinley. "I wish you would play a game with me." "I should be delighted to do so," was the reply. Later, as President McKinley and Mr. Scott were looking over the latter's big plant, Mrs. McKinley, not being present, the President said: "Oh, by the way, Mr. Scott, didn't I hear you and Mrs. McKinley arranging to play cribbage some time?" "Yes," said Mr. Scott, "we are going to play." "Well, what kind of a player are you?" asked the President. "Oh, pretty fair, I guess; I play a pretty good game." "Well, so do I," said Mr. McKinley. "But, do you know, it may seem strange, but it is a fact, that I have never been able to play well enough to beat Mrs. McKinley." As he said this she looked at Mr. Scott with a significant smile. Their eyes met. It was enough. Mr. Scott understood, and it was safe to say that he did not beat Mrs. McKinley.

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How Do You Stand?

Is Facility Desirable? Things We Laugh At.

SOMETIMES one goes a-buying and comes to a shop blank and shut, and reads on the doors a notice, "Closed for stock-taking." Within are the clerks of departments calling out numbers, all aiming at one object, to see where the big concern stands. Is it climbing to prosperity, pausing at mediocrity or slipping toward insolvency? Stock-taking in business is a tiresome necessity. I wonder what it would be in life if we practiced it honestly and regularly. So much done, so much left over, so many promises met, so many gone to protest, so many still hanging a sword of obligation over our heads. So many things sold out altogether—old loves, old hates; the fashion of life changes as well as the fashion of raiment. So many depreciated in value—perhaps these are our stale opportunities; so many to be marked down. God grant among them some of our self-esteem, our moments of inflation, our days of pride! There will be illusions faded; mark them down. Dreams crushed and limp; mark them down. Sell them on block—anything, so we get the clear space for newer visions. There are the staples of true friendship, the finer fabrics of gentle love, the family and the breed of pleasure and luxury—how much have we to go on with this year? The shopkeeper learns to be careful after his stock-taking makes him wise. I wonder if we could not save a bit of what we waste in like manner.

"Is it better to know how to do a great many things, or to do one thing superlatively well?" asks a correspondent. We thrashed that out some months ago. I think. It is impossible for some persons to concentrate on one thing, who can do many things with fair success. The only danger is that one skips sometimes. Do each thing in the very best way in your power, and whether it be one or many, it's all that can be demanded or expected. I know a man, an eminent scientist, who is bread-maker and baby-washer in his large family, and the bread is first-class and the babies are clean, and he is mildly proud of both achievements. I know a woman who is building one of the palaces in a huge city, her own architect, and it is going to be a marvel of perfection in construction and design, so a famous architect assures me. I mention these rather unusual instances to show my correspondent that it is impossible to say just what is best to do—do one or many things well. Do as many as you can, so long as you do your very best. We are so diverse and surprising and elusive in the things we can and cannot do. So disappointing sometimes, so apt to fail at a pinch that it's not safe to get an inch away from the simple old orders, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

We have too many smatterings and too little reliable knowledge. The curriculum of the public schools makes one's head ache to look at it. I do long for the leisurely reciprocal style of teaching which we had in our little days, but which cannot be at the crowded public schools. We used to potter a bit over rocks and stones and strata, and wonder, wonder at fossils and such like, and we learned in long field rambles to know the nature and the make-up of the trees and the flowers, and the brotherhood we had with the green things growing. We called it botanizing, but it was a much bigger and better thing. And we did jaw over the Punic wars and admire Hannibal, and knew every old king and queen of England and their peculiarities as if they were our neighbors. I remember how I learned to sing, and how I learned to read, and how I learned to write, and how I learned to think. It was all so simple and so easy, and so full of life and interest, and so full of joy. I do feel sorry for the little beings who are in algebra at the age when the only things I ever was in were mischief and bed.

The other day I went sedately visiting in the suburbs. As I put out my finger to push the button of a spic and span door, I saw a card bearing this legend: "Bell out his snore." To kick hard was out of the question. I rapped hard, and hurt my knuckles; then I rapped harder. It was a long way to that house, and I wanted to get in. Then I very discreetly glanced through the window. The lady sat with a book not three feet away. I rapped on the window-sill. She heard me with sublime unconcern. Then I stamped over to the door once more, and I had it soundly. "A la carte," but with my umbrella too. Then the lady dashed out and enquired, "What do you want?" and then ever so sweetly ushered me in. "Why didn't you ring the bell?" she gently suggested. "Because it is out of order," I explained, feeling sore on the knuckles and a bit ruffled at my long wait. "I don't think so," said she in surprise. I assured her I had the papers for it. She went out and gave me a card. I gave her a laugh. Of course it was the small boy up the street, but "What must those other people have thought? Kick hard!" said the little lady faintly. She didn't say what she might have about me.

One comes across funny introductions sometimes, when one is presented to "my father" by the matron, or "my nephew" by the aunt and no names mentioned. But the funniest was given by a very small son of the rector, who was met by a visiting bishop while the boy was tagging about the rectory garden with a mongrel cur at his heels. "Morning, bishop! This is Snap. Here, Snap, this is the bishop," and the ceremony was over. A rather queer dilemma was that brought about by a very near-sighted man the other day, who, stumbling into the drawing-room and finding a man awaiting him and a woman calling awaiting his wife, thus began: "Ah! glad to see you. This is my wife. My dear, haven't you met the professor? Just ring the bell, love. I must get Dr. — a glass of that port. Hurry, my dear," and before the astonished woman knew where she was, she was ringing the bell and afterwards dropping her card and exclaiming: "I thought he was a bit cracked!" said she, "and I didn't know what his next orders would be."

The other night very late a man was making of his homeward way a brain-

ing pattern along Queen street. Just as he reached Bay the chimera for the last quarter rang out. He listened to the eight counts, and continued his way. Then Big Ben boomed one, two, and so on. The man stopped again for a moment, looked up, shook his fist at the clock and shouted, "Shut up! I know it!" LADY GAY.

A Great Whispering Gallery.

With the increase of cable, telegraph and telephone communication, and especially with the introduction of the marvels of wireless telegraphy, the world has been converted into a huge whispering gallery.—"Herald," Sydney.

Tardy Development Of Girls.

There is no time in a girl's life when she needs a mother's care and advice so much as when she is just budding into womanhood. From neglect of proper treatment at this age nine-tenths of the cases of female weakness and consumption are concerned. Who is to tell the girl what she is, what she may expect, and how to care for herself if her mother does not?

If your daughter seems to be going into decline, and her appetite dulls, her plumpness on her face, or a pale, sallow or greenish complexion, headache, a pain in the side, is irritable and easily tired out, immediate steps should be taken to build her up, so that each organ will perform its proper functions. To delay treatment with the expectation that she will outgrow it, and that nature will bring her around in time, may make her an invalid for life, to end her suffering only in premature death by consumption. Nature requires assistance to develop her properly, or she would not be in this weak and run-down condition, and nothing does this so completely as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great health restorer. It supplies new life, color and strength to the blood, which makes her a woman of perfect health, with a complexion that cannot be obtained by artificial means.

Working Girls.

The life of working girls at best is a hard one, and under the most favorable circumstances they have more to contend with than men in similar positions. The delicate female organism and the nerves of girls were never intended to be strung up to the high pitch and tension required to perform duties that are often imposed upon them.

Whether the work be in office, store or factory, it is often one of daily misery, and there is no wonder that so many are breaking down after resorting to narcotic drugs for relief from the nervous exhaustion and fatigue from which they suffer. Such drugs deaden the nerves, and only produce a false, temporary strength.

With Dr. Chase's Nerve Food it is quite different. By feeding the blood and nerves there will be a steady increase in natural strength of body and mind that will brighten the eyes, clear the complexion, and instead of the depressed and fatigued feeling it will be one of buoyancy, with elastic step and easy movements.

Anemia—Watery Blood.

This is an impoverished condition of the blood, which instead of being rich, vitalizing and strength-giving, is thin and watery, and fails to nourish the body. When the blood is in this run-down state disease soon sets in, as it is lacking in the essential elements that sustain life. Women are more subject to this disease than men, perhaps on account of the many wasting drains peculiar to their sex.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the richest of all restorative preparations, making an ounce of new and pure blood each day, which turns the thin, pale face of the sufferer into a picture of perfect health. Weigh yourself before taking it. All dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

On the Banks of the Nile.

On the banks of the Nile
A large crocodile
Waved his pipe at the western sun;
He sat on a stile,
And heaved his head at the higher interests.
Because the day's work was done;
And his numerous snacks
Had only left room for one.

Then a naturalist
Came to him in his flint
Came over the sands with a yell,
For a crocodile skin
With a seven-yard grin
Was a thing he was anxious to sell.

But the vision of night
That gazed the slight
Of that crocodile succeeded the sun,
Was a large crocodile
That sat on a stile,
A-picking his teeth with a gun!
—Wells Gardner in "Chatterbox."

From Old Quebec.

The newspapers in and around the city of Quebec are just now relating the story of a well-known French-Canadian gentleman who for years has been a martyr to Dyspepsia.

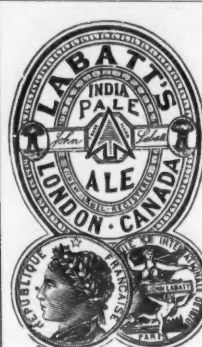
The sufferings Mons. Bouchard endured have been beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. His pains were very severe, so much so that for two years he had but little pleasure in life. Dyspepsia wrought its worst punishment in him, and nothing he could get seemed able to in any way alleviate his distress.

At last, however, he has found a cure. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have met and conquered his Dyspepsia, have relieved him of all his pains and distress, and have made an all-round well man of him. He is very grateful and is full of praise for Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, which he says "have made a new man of me."

This story should be of greatest interest to thousands who are now suffering just as Mons. Bouchard did before he used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. If this remedy can and does cure such acute and advanced cases it surely will cure any case of Stomach Trouble.

It is but reasonable to at least give a trial to a medicine that has proven itself to be effective in so very many cases. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are no experiment, but a tried and proven remedy for Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Palpitation of the Heart or any of the many symptoms of deranged or impaired digestive machinery.

Mons. Bouchard's address is 200 St. Valler, Quebec.



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BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

LABATT'S ALE and PORTER

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requires correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Philo.—There are two types of correspondents who come regularly every day. The one which avows itself worthless and the one which declares itself an enigma. Trash and mystery are about equally divided in the ideas of the egoist. You are a pretty queer and hard to read right? How do you know? I find you energetic, practical, dominating anyone who will submit, somewhat impressionable, and mostly distinguishing much culture, though a good deal of capacity, and some talent. You don't lightly trust your neighbor, nor are you much of an optimist. You are a quick, but not a deep, thinker, and not always logical. On the whole, a fairly attractive study.

Mother.—Gentle, tactful, hopeful, concentrated, and refined, full of sentiment, appreciative of beauty and harmony, not apt to be progressive or original, but sensible, consecutive, and quietly persistent. Writer would be apt to be sensitive and probably high-strung, but not in the least cranky or wilful. The perceptions are extremely bright and the manner probably the same. There is a good deal of tradition in this study, which, owing to its cramped condition and faded ink, has tried my sight and then been rather elusive.

Sophie.—A good deal of caution and some mistrust are suggested. Writer would do well to cultivate pluck and endurance, as she seems to be easily discouraged. Constancy, care for detail, and some sentiment are shown. It isn't a very finished study, and time and experience will probably rectify some of its weaknesses. Honest and pleasant temper are indicated.

Toby.—So sorry not to have been able to answer you more promptly, and hope my advice and sympathy do not come too late for your patience. "Weeks and weeks ago," my dear Toby, I read your letter with interest, not so great, however, as this one has excited me to have a look. It may be she is still the same old girl. Some wear well, you know! You have all my good wishes for the "old girl" a widow? "Half a dozen assorted" is good! Your humor delights me. Sure, you must be an Irishman! There are teachers and teachers. Don't judge all alike. I know of an extremely happy marriage just under the identical conditions you describe, except that the lady had a good man, first time, sortment, and all are similar. The second, made the whole thing run like a charm. Good luck to you, and quite sure you're a nice sort of man and will do your part!

Chatterbox.—It would be a wise act to learn how to spell woman's "sufferings" as you comically put it, before you undertake to state your views upon it. As to fitting yourself for office, don't be foolish. Your writing has some inspiration, but is very crude. The impulse is largely material. You need badly study and culture. I really believe you have some talents, but they are at present in very undeveloped state. You appear a bit careless, though you are adaptable and would easily pick up valuable instruction.

Cynic.—It's a perfectly fair question, is the world getting better? I hesitate to say that it is, even though one gets a shock and a set-back occasionally. The people of Chicago may have become Micawberish, and the people of Toronto may be Pecksniffian, as you say, but the world is awake and thinking, weighing, learning, in the humblest way. Get among the forward ranks and you'll see. The role of cynic has played out, my man, now that the people have their eyes open to the higher interests. A cynic, like a sandwich man, is the very last thing left to be. So when you meet a really good cynic, treat him as a treat. Well, it's my treat. What will you take? Dear human nature, I love it! But people are afraid to face it, or confound it with animal nature, or do a dozen stupid things beside adore and love it. Man is a noble being or the Divine world not dwell in him! Is the world getting better? Well, what do you think hinders it but you and your nonsense?

Melrose.—Your second letter just opened. Did I give you a study? I have not time to look it up now, but if not, it was your own fault for not enclosing coupon. It was quite impossible to answer before, and if you let me know that your writing was not done, I will attend to it at once.

Noel.—I thank you very much. It is a pleasure to receive a sensible opinion, and were it at all possible should make the change. But, you see, one has to consider the wishes of correspondents. Very often they say: "Please answer as discreetly as possible that people may not guess at my question." This column sometimes attracts the most astounding confidences, which my own refinement and consideration would lead me to shield from careless notice. It's too late to return your Christmas wishes, but, a good year to you!

Wife and Mother.—Do I think married people should have secrets from each other? Some married people should, if they want to keep a roof on the house. Dear lady, leave hubby alone. It isn't because you desire his welfare so much as because you have a curious and mistrustful nature that you think you know all his affairs. Sure, your writing gives you dead away to me, dear. Set to work on yourself. Be ashamed of your suspicious and tiresome espionage.

If he knew just how you are built, perhaps he'd not be "the lovingest," but fear the most imprudent of men. Veritas—I agree with you, there are down-town where I live, an immense unattached population. Mostly care-free, excitable, and easily attracted by vulgar or simply unusual methods. Fancy a sort of preaching which would get the man inside a church who "never misses a Saturday evening show at the Star." I heard one described. They are workmen, mechanics, machinists, draughtsmen, men who loaf and loaf, and would read a sensation and a most interesting man such as these would simply fall asleep under the quiet, scholarly preaching which appeals to you and me. They enjoy a sensation and a mountebank in the pulpit. Such an anecdote could crowd that church every Sabbath evening, and would do untold good. There's the case in a nutshell. Can't be opened?

Mabel.—What is "broadtail"? It's a black fur, something like a short Angora, "watered," to look like moiré silk. It fits close, and is desirable for staid people. It is the rage in Paris and London, and has only begun in Canada. Your kind words were duly noted, and I can only say thank you, for one can make a return to amiable correspondents who do not send addresses. I received the book and much enjoyed it. Have you read Mistress Barbara? About tea. Have only sandwiches, tea and coffee, and cake. That will come with the sum you mention.



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RECOGNIZED AS THE LEADING

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of the City. The appointments and service are thorough y-to-date, and the location is such that it is a pleasure to patronize bright and airy rooms. Everything is new, and the fittings and furnishings are of the latest design. The Oriental wine-rooms and German furnishings in the restaurant give the hotel a continental reputation. The hotel and restaurant are under the direct supervision of the proprietor.

E. B. CLANCEY.

You can't find a better Table Salt than Windsor Salt

You can try but you'll have your labor for your pains.

Best Grocers Sell Windsor Salt.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO.

LIMITED BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

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The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

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Studio News.

MISS MUNTZ has opened an exhibition of children's portraits at McKenzie's gallery, 95 Yonge street, which is the finest of its kind ever held in Toronto. The portraits are in oil and water-color, and show a feeling and sympathy with her subjects such as few men possess and fewer women have the ability to carry out. Among a host of particular things it seems almost unfair to particularize, but one which caught the fancy at the first glance was a water-color called "Anita." It is a picture of a little girl in a white frock standing beside a huge oaken chair. From the pose and expression one instantly catches an insight into the character of the child, who is evidently a shy, demure little maiden, who would much rather hide behind the big chair than pose beside it. "Jimmie" is another youngster that took my eye. James is seated out in the open sunlight looking intently at some flowers. He is just at the age when boys are most destructive, and if the flowers weren't of paint he looks as if he would certainly have demolished them long ago. A little oil called "Baby" demonstrates as well as any of the pictures Miss Muntz's ability to paint children. Anyone who has tried to paint the festive infant will usually flush up by writing a book on the trials of art, or, as a well-known Toronto artist expressed it, "the children have grown up before you have finished." "Baby" has the wide, vacant stare of the very young child, which is hard to "catch," and the modelling and construction of the head are splendid. The exhibition contains a number of pictures exhibited before which are well worth another visit, and, taken together, Miss Muntz has gathered together a most creditable collection. A private view of the pictures was given in her studio on Saturday last, and the room was thronged all afternoon with artists and those interested in things artistic.

The exhibition of the Woman's Art Association was closed on Saturday, the 14th. The exhibition has been most successful both in attendance and in the number of pictures exhibited.

The Ontario Association of Architects held their annual convention in their rooms, 94 King street west, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The gathering embraced many of the most prominent architects of the province, and the convention was successful in every way. The educational value of such meetings, and this one in particular, cannot be overestimated. With such men as Professor S. H. Capper of McGill University, Dr. P. H. Byrce, secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, Professor C. H. C. Wright, and Professor Warren P. Laird of the University of Pennsylvania contributing papers, the benefits accrued will readily be appreciated. Professor Capper of McGill gave a lecture on "University Training in Architecture." Dr. Byrce read a paper on "The Disposal of Sewage of Hotels, Houses and Other Institutions in Towns and Counties." Professor Wright's paper was on "The Behavior of Steel Under Stress," and Professor Laird concluded the series with a talk on "Design as an Element of Practice."

Mr. Wyly Grier is very busy just now with his portrait work. He has just completed a picture of Mrs. Flavell, and has one of Senator Wood of Hamilton almost finished. Besides these he has several in an uncompleted state, on which some comment will be made at a later date. In his portrait of Senator Wood Mr. Grier has represented him in an easy attitude, looking at the spectator, dressed in the frock coat of conventional portrait painting, with a flower in the button-hole, an ornament characteristic of the man.

Mr. F. S. Challenger has just returned from New York. While there he visited many of the theaters and public buildings that had been decorated, and was rather disappointed with Yankee mural



Caller—Swing your partners!
Shorty Small—Say, you! call something reasonable, can't you?

art. Canadian pictures and works of art have long been criticized for their lack of any note distinctly our own, and Mr. Challenger applies the same criticism to the work of the United States painters. While the trip was not taken for business purposes, Mr. Challenger heard of a commission which he will probably receive, and in case he does there is every likelihood of his going to New York, for a time at least.

Saturday, January 4, was studio day for this month, and nearly all the artists with studios down town threw them open to visitors.

Last Thursday evening Professor W. H. Fraser lectured at the Art School on Michael Angelo. The way had been prepared for him by Mr. Walker's lecture on "Early Italian Painters" in December. Professor Fraser's lecture was enjoyed by a large percentage of the artists and students of the city.

The main cabin of the new steamer "Montreal," being built by the Bertram company, is to be decorated in a more comprehensive manner than either of the other two large boats built by this firm. The work done in the "Toronto" and "Kingston" was executed by Mr. F. S. Challenger, and proved so satisfactory that this later and larger commission has been given the same artist. The decorations are ordered for the ceiling of the main cabin, and will be in two elliptical panels. The larger will measure ten feet by twenty-six, and the smaller ten feet by sixteen. The subjects chosen by the decorator to fill the space are the twenty-four hours of the day, illustrated by appropriate symbols. The transition in color will be from the light, airy tones of dawn and early morning in the larger panel to the deeper, richer, more sombre tones of late afternoon and evening in the smaller. It is Mr. Challenger's intention, if possible, to exhibit some of the studies and cartoons at the O.S.A. exhibition in the spring. The work will probably keep him employed steadily until the early part of June.

Miss Corelli on Imagination.

At a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Philosophical Society Miss Marie Corelli delivered an address on "The Vanishing Gift," by which she meant imagination, "that wonderful spiritual faculty which is the source of all great creative work in art or literature." She expressed her opinion that it was gradually disappearing from the world to-day, and she attributed its disappearance to the feverish haste and pressure of modern life.

"There is," she said, "something humorous in all this hurry-scurry, something almost grotesque in this desire for swift movement, this wish to save time and to stint work; but there is, as well, something infinitely pathetic about it. It is as if the present period of the world's civilization, felt itself growing old; as if, like an individual human unit, it knew itself to be past its prime and drawing near to death; as if, with the feeble restlessness of advancing age, it were seeking to cram as much change and amusement as possible into the little time of existence left to it. Two of the most notable signs of such mental and moral decay are, first, a morbid craving for incessant excitement, and second, a disinclination to think. It is quite a common thing nowadays to hear people exclaim, 'Oh, I have no time to think!' and they seem to be more proud than ashamed of this loss of mental equilibrium. But it is very certain that where there is no time to think there is less time to imagine, and where there is neither thought nor imagination, creative work of a high and lasting quality is impossible."

Miss Corelli then spoke of the past great imaginative work of the world, and said that the artists of a former time labored with sustained and untroubled energy, but we in our day could only produce imitations of their models with a vast amount of spasmodic hurry and clamor. So, perhaps, we should leave to future generations little but an echo of "much ado about nothing." "For, truly," she continued, "we live at present under a veritable scourge of mere noise. No king, no statesman, no general, no thinker, no writer, is allowed to follow the course of his duty or work without the shrieking comment of all sorts and conditions of misguided persons." She proceeded to say that the things that were called "imaginary" were often more real than what is called "realism." Shakespeare's world was so real that there were not wanting literary impostors who grudged him its reality and strove to dispossess him of his own. Walter Scott's world was real—so real that a shrine was built to him in Princes street, crowded with his sculptured figures of men and women, most of whom never existed save in his teeming fancy. What a tribute to the power of imagination that was! But the lower world of thought was waiting for a Waverley cryptogram which should prove that King George IV. wrote the Waverley novels with

the assistance of Scott's gamekeeper, Tom Purdie, and that his Majesty gave Scott his baronetcy on condition that he should never divulge the true authorship. Miss Corelli spoke of the signs of feebleness and decay in the imaginative spirit, as shown in the constant output of decadent and aesthetic literature; in the decline of music and the drama from noble and classic forms to the repulsive "problem play" and the comic opera; in the splashy dabbling of good canvas, called "impressionist" painting, and in the acceptance, or passive toleration, of the vilest doggerel verse as poetry.

She also spoke of the return to the lowest forms of ignorance, as displayed in the fashionable craze for palmistry, crystal-gazing, clairvoyance, and other silly superstitions, while there was a deplorable indifference to the simple teachings of the Christian faith. Everywhere, she said, there was a lack of high ideals. "No king, no statesman, can do for a country what its romancers and dreamers can. The sovereignty of the inspired and imaginative soul is supreme and above all other earthly dominion, even as the fame of Homer is greater than the conquests of Alexander. Public men might be better for a little more imagination and less red tape." Some of these seemed to be burdened with a sort of solemn self-consciousness which rather interrupted their outlook on public affairs. Others were affected by a hedge-hog quality of "stand-offishness," which they, unhappily, mistook for dignity.

Quoting various writers on the quality of imagination, she said a Persian poet had called it "an immortal sense of memory always striving to recall the beautiful things the soul has lost." Another fancy, also from the East, was that it was "an instinctive premonition of beautiful things to come." Another idea, and one that she considered the most accurate, was that "it is the sun dial of the soul, on which God flashes the true time of day." For imagination was always ahead of science—always pointing out the possible great discovery. Shakespeare foretold the electric telegraph, and one of the old writers of the Hebrew Scriptures had foretold the phonograph in his expression, "the image of a voice." The airship, however wonderful it might prove, had been foretold by Aladdin's palace, which careened easily through the air from country to country.

Miss Corelli gave an interesting ex-

tract from a rare book treating of the Egyptian pyramids, which describes the use of wireless telegraphy by one Sauria, a high priest of Memphis. She concluded her address by saying that if the imagination was indeed a sun dial of the soul, "it must not be allowed to get overgrown with the rank moss and weeds of selfishness and prejudice—that it must be kept sound and clean, with its index hand firmly set and none of its numeral figures missing. Then, perchance, shall God flash the true time of day upon it for such as will hold themselves free to mark the hour according to His will. And for those who do hold themselves thus free, and keep the sun dial clear and clean in their souls, there shall always be light and clear reflections of beauty and peace."

To Weak Women Everywhere.

Mrs. Maxwell Tells How Much Pain and Suffering May be Remedied.

A Very Interesting Statement by an Elora Lady Who Has Found Peace For All Female Weakness and Wants Every Woman in Canada to Know of It.

Elora, Ont., Jan. 12.—(Special).—Mrs. Maxwell of this place has written for publication a very strong letter, in which she claims that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured her of Female Weakness after she had tried almost everything else.

This good lady, according to her statement, suffered for a long time with kidney trouble, enduring the greatest pain with a dizziness and headaches that made her very ill. She was passing through what is always a critical period in every woman's life, and her troubles were considerably increased by this. Indeed her life was for a time in great danger.

She says she used Dodd's Kidney Pills with the most remarkable results, being almost instantly relieved and in a very short time completely cured and returned to good health.

She is very grateful, and in her letter she says: "I cannot find words to express my gratitude to God for my marvelous cure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest medicine in the world, especially for those of my age."

"I could scarcely move hand or foot. I was so dizzy, and violent pains would shoot through my whole system, but now, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills, I feel well and smart."

This case and its cure has created quite a sensation, and Mrs. Maxwell's full and frank statement of the matter has been the subject of a great deal of comment.

Dodd's Kidney Pills seem to be an infallible cure for Diseases of Women as well as for Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and all Kidney disorders.

A Song of the Settlement.

I sing a song of the West land,
Though how shall a song but fail
To capture the blue horizons
That swallow the prairie trail:

And how shall letters and paper
Imprison the breadth of life!
They know, who tread the prairie,
We know the song of its strife—

The shouting nights, when the blizzard
Is reeling across the plain,
The lazy hum of the west wind
At play with the gleaming grain.

The sigh of the sleeping grassland
To the low hung golden moon,
The song of the waving wheat tops
Abaze with the crown of noon.

The low hoarse voice of the hunter,
His eyes, and their warning gleam,
The crack of the falling timber,
The old log trail to the stream.

The sudden rap of a rifle,
The fall of a startled moose,
The day-long wait—and at evening
The songs in the old caboose.

The glint of snow through the shadows,
The echo of sharpened steel,
The crash of the falling timber,
The poplar's earthward reel.

The ring of sleighs on the home trail,
The glimmer of lights afar,
The glow of the shanty firelight,
The gleam of the evening star.

The wall of wolves in the darkness,
The children's song in the light,
The large sweet grip of the daytime,
The awe of the great deep night.

But how shall letters and paper
Bring forth of its life to you,
The fruitless toil of the many,
The scant success of the few.

The hopes and fears of the prairie,
Its word to the sons of men;
Nay, how should a volume hold it,
Inscribed with a human pen.

—H. H. KASHFORD.

The Bargain of the Future.

An honest man entered the store of a clothier one day, and in reply to the query as to what could be done for him on that particular occasion, he assumed a humble pose and replied: "Sir, I wish to furnish you proof that I am what I am."

"I cannot doubt your honesty," said the clothier, "but still proof is required, and you may submit your documents."

"Do you remember that I was in

Its Sale is Phenomenal
Its Quality is Irreproachable

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is the purest and most cleanly prepared tea in the world.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c. and 60c. Per lb.



Dandruff is a Disease

not a natural condition of the scalp. It indicates a disorder and its end is BALDNESS.

COKE DANDRUFF CURE

is a positive, guaranteed cure for the very worst cases of dandruff. You only have to try it to be convinced.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS



your store six months ago?" "Alas! I do not; but you look like a man of truth, and I will not gainsay you."

"I was here, sir, and bought this suit of clothes of you. It had been marked down from fifteen dollars to eight dollars and fifty cents."

"Yes, I recognize the cloth, and I grieve to think that I lost six dollars and fifty cents on that suit. I had to mark them down to make room for the quick-lunch business on the other side."

"You warranted the dye," continued the honest man, "and there has been no fading or crocking. I cannot say that you lied to me."

"And the price was right?" "It was, I hug the delusion that I found a bargain."

"Then what is the cause of thy complaint?" "It is no complaint, oh, clothier. It is that after I had got miles away I found a ten-dollar bill in the trousers pocket."

"A ten-dollar bill in the pocket of an eight-dollar-and-fifty-cent suit," mused the clothier. "Here, Ikey, come forward and explain."

"I—I was tempted," said the young man, as he trembled before his employer.

"So? Then it was you who substituted a ten for a twenty, and made this honest man a journey to get his just dues? Go, bring me a new, crisp ten, and later on I will see to your case."

"I would not that he come to poverty," said the honest man.

"He shall not, but I will stop it out of his wages and humble him to the dust. I always give a twenty-dollar bill with every eight-dollar-and-fifty-cent suit, and here is your balance. Take it, sir, with many apologies; and if I have put you to any expense, remember that all my eighteen-dollar overcoats have been marked down to nine dollars and a fifty-dollar bill placed in each pocket to close them out quickly and make room for a chicken-farm in the rear end of the store."—Detroit "Free Press."

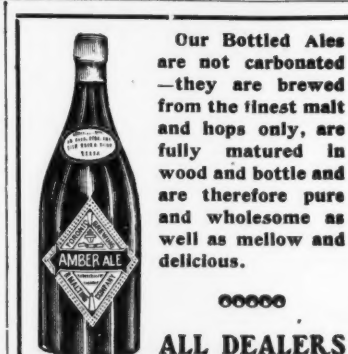
A Remarkable Shot.

"HELLO, Ike!" said Perkins, as that individual walked into the store. "How'd you make out gunnin' to-day?"

"Toler'ble, jest toler'ble; that's all. I got four black ducks, six broad-bill, and ten winters."

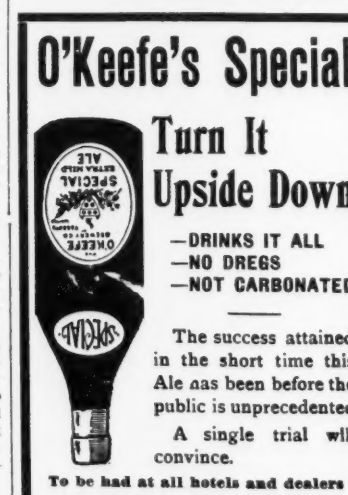
"I must say that's pretty good shootin' for one day," said Perkins. "Twas putty fair; but I should have got more yet if my shells hadn't gin out."

"That so?" said the constable. "Twas hard luck and 'minds me o' one day 'bout four year ago, when I went down to the medders gunnin' with that old muzzle-loader er mine. I fooled 'round all day, till I had only one charge of powder left. Birds had been comin' long one in a flock, and now and then tew lone ones, and all of 'em out er range, and I didn't git a bird. I was kinder discouraged; hadn't had a good shot all day. But jest as I was gittin' out of the stand I heard a goose hollerin', and I crouched down quick. I can tell yer, and putty soon he landed plump down in the slough-hole in front of me, where my decoys was. I was jest to the south of the deacon's medder—you fellers remember how the marsh there is very narrer and runs right elus up to the beach—and my stand was jest abreast of that low place on the beach they call the blow-hole. Wa-al, I moved 'round keeful, and got a bead on the old goose, when he must have snelt me, for jest as I was goin' to let him hev it he begun swimmin' away from me. I didn't want to lose him, so I begun to whistle him back, and, if you'll believe me, as I was a-sittin' there, what should I see comin' up by the blow-hole but a red fox. Boys, I'd hev given my hull farm for another charge of powder and shot that minute. I guess. The goose by this time had circled round and begun to come towards me agin, and the fox was a-standin' still. Gradually the old goose was gittin' in line with the fox, up the older."—"Judge."

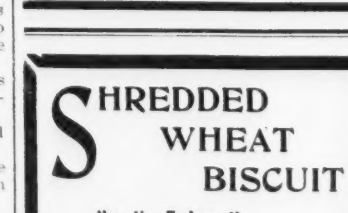


ALL DEALERS

Toronto Brewing Co.
Simcoe St. Toronto



The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited



Has the Endorsation of all Thinking Men.

G. W. Wright, Professor of Physics and Chemistry, Meadville High School, Meadville, Pa., gives the following endorsement: "We have been users of your Shredded Wheat Biscuit for some time and are greatly pleased with its many estimable qualities; it has an undeniably great food value, it possesses those "staying" qualities that are so often lacking in the popular cereal foods."

Shredded Wheat Biscuit.

For Sale by all Grocers

E. HARRIS & LIMITED
CANVAS COLOURS PAPERS INKS
AND EVERY REQUIREMENT FOR THE
PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR ARTIST
71 KING STREET EAST - TORONTO

MEMORIAL Stained Glass Windows
—In English "Antique" or American "Opalescent" Glass—
—Special water-color designs prepared without charge—
—The artistic and enduring qualities of our work are well known—

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COMPANY, Limited
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GRAND PRIZE PARIS, 1900
Gold Medals for 1897, 1898, 1899.

R. F. GAGEN, ARTIST
Miniatures, Water Colors and Ink Portraits made from all kinds of Photographs, a specialty.
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McKinnon Building, Toronto
Room 210. Phone—Main 1301.

Social and Personal.

A Hamilton wedding which interested many Toronto friends took place on Wednesday in All Saints' Church, when Mr. Adam Keith Luke of East Orange and Miss Irene Hess Mills, daughter of Mr. James Mills, were married, Canon Forrester being the officiating clergyman. A party went up from Toronto for the happy event, including Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, uncle and aunt of the bride; Miss Warwick of Sunningdale, and several others. The bride was led in and given away by her father, and wore a very sumptuous bridal robe of white satin, trimmed with exquisite point lace and chiffon, a tulle veil and a coronet of orange blossoms. Her only jewel was a circlet of diamonds and pearls, the bridegroom's gift. Miss Mills was attended by a maid of honor—Miss Aurora H. Mills—and two bridesmaids—Miss Rose Hope Luke and Miss Ethel Greening—who were in delicate pink mousseline de soie frocks over taffeta, with lace trimmings and chiffon sashes. They wore Duchess of Devonshire hats, carried bouquets of pink roses. The bride's bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley, beautifully arranged. Mr. Thomas Luke of Covington, Ky., brother of the bridegroom, was best man; the ushers were Mr. Paul E. Vernon of New York, Mr. W. Allan Lyndsay of Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Charles W. Luke of East Orange, and Mr. James Mills, brother of the bride. To each the bridegroom presented pearl pins. "Bellevue," the residence of the bride's parents, was embowered in flowers for the reception and dejeuner, and several hundreds of friends admired the beautiful scene, the happy bride and the splendid array of bridal gifts, and enjoyed most elegant refreshments from a bridal buffet done in white and green. An orchestra played during the reception. The young couple left in the evening on their honeymoon, and will reside in East Orange. After their departure the attendants and ushers at the marriage were given a dinner by Mr. Luke at the Royal Hotel.

Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie has sent out cards for an At Home at her residence, 596 Huron street, for Monday week, at five o'clock.

Sir James Grant of Ottawa gave a most up-to-date and interesting lecture in Victoria College Chapel on Tuesday evening. Among many other strong and thoughtful remarks on the way to prolong life, Sir James gave a rather black eye to prohibition. He doesn't believe in the good which compulsory teetotalism would do—in proportion to its development of law-evasion and other demoralizing effects. This opinion is of considerable value just now.

Miss Ethel Barwick of Baltimore is visiting her people in Spadina road. Mrs. R. C. Clute gave a very smart tea on Wednesday.

The Aberdeen Association had a pretty lively meeting on Tuesday afternoon, which I very much regret an important engagement prevented my attending.

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra's musicale on Thursday evening, and the Grenadiers' dance on Friday evening, were later events in the week which engaged society.

Dr. and Mrs. Grasett gave a dinner last Friday. Mrs. Charles Moss gave a tea on the same day, quite an informal affair, in honor of Mrs. Scobie. Mrs. S. C. Wood gave a tea on Saturday afternoon. Miss Lola Henderson has been laid up with a severe cold. Mrs. Ramsay Wright has also been an invalid. Mrs. Godfrey of Atlanta, Ga., is recovering from a most serious illness.

An annual event anticipated with pleasure by many Toronto people, as well as those in our pretty suburb, is the assembly of the Toronto Junction High School Old Boys' Association. This was held in the Collegiate, Toronto Junction, yesterday evening.

The tenth annual "At Home" and reunion of the old boys and girls of the Harbord Street Collegiate Institute will take place Friday, January 24.

The tenth annual At Home and reunion of a nice little party of friends at their residence, 18 Collingwood street, on Friday evening last, being the twentieth anniversary of their wedding. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bert Grange, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Singer, Mr. and Mrs. H. Volz, Sgt. Major Harding and Mrs. Harding, Mr. F. Laidlaw, Miss Grange, Mr. Thomas Broomhall, Miss Karl, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shone, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Slee, ex-Mayor Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Prescott, Miss Prescott, Mr. W. C. Thornloe, Master Joseph and Miss Lizzy Shone, Alderman Ward. The host and hostess received many valuable presents.

The regular meeting of the executive of the Woman's Hospital Committee took place this week at the house of Dr. Wishart. Important business in preparation for the coming open meeting occupied much of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor, "Edgewood," gave a large progressive euchre party on Monday evening, at which nineteen tables were called into requisition for playing, in the reception, drawing and dining-rooms and hall. A pleasant innovation was the fact that there was practically no head table; each table was provided with a bell, which was rung as soon as seven points had been made by any players, after which a general move-up was made. The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, received their guests at the entrance of the reception-room. At the conclusion of the games supper was served at the tables where the players were seated. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. James Bicknell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boeckh and their guest, Mrs. Rockcliffe of New York, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Price Brown, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. William Hyslop, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mr. Moore, Mrs. G. L. Kingsley, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pearson, Mrs. James Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sheak, Mrs. John Shields, Mrs. Oliphant, Dr. and Mrs. Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gouinlock, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. J. D. and Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. H. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Eastwood, Mr. H. G. Kennedy of St. Catharines, and Mrs. Taylor's guest, Miss Moncton, of Los Angeles, California; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Langley, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. F. Sparling, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Ivey, Mrs. E. Radley, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Boon, Mr. John McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hoar, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver, Mr. and Miss Matthews, Mr. and Miss Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh. The prizes won by Mrs. J. P. Langley and Mrs. Arnold Ivey were handsome articles of cut glass; by Mr. William Hyslop and Mr. J. McKnight, a smoking set and a cribbage set.

The Woman's Art Association of Canada had a preliminary study of the characteristics of the Scotch and Dutch school of art in preparation for the loan exhibition of pictures direct from Scotch and Dutch studios, which will be held in February. Photos and literature touching on this interesting subject are now in the W. A. A. Gallery, Room Q, Confederation Life Building.

Mrs. Reginald Northcote of Huron street entertained the Euchre Club on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Bickford is giving an At Home on next Wednesday afternoon at McCone's, from half-past four to seven o'clock.

The following gentlemen were invited to dine at Government House on Tuesday, January 14, 1902: Chancellor Wallace, Rev. Principal Sheraton, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Professor Clark of Trinity, Mr. Justice Lount, His Honor Judge Jones, Professor A. McCallum, Lieutenant-Colonel Graveley, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Bellat, Mr. Morang, Mr. Willison, Dr. McDonagh, Mr. Kerf Osborne, the vice-consul of the Netherlands, Major F. F. Manley, Mr. Allan, Mr. Auld, Mr. Aylesworth, Mr. Barber, Mr. Barr, Mr. Walker Beatty, Mr. William R. Beatty, Mr. Biezard, Mr. Bowman, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Irving, Mr. Breithaupt, Mr. Bridgland, Mr. Brower, Mr. Brown, Mr. Burt, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Charlton, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. Conmee, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Dempsey, Mr. Dickinson, M.P.'s. The Lieutenant-Governor is evidently going right through the alphabet with the guests of these parliamentary dinners.

'Varsity conversation is fixed for the evening of Wednesday, February 5. Each university has its gala night, and Toronto University is always distinctly favored by smart people. An able committee is working hard this year to ensure most perfect arrangements.

Mrs. S. F. McKinnon is giving a young people's luncheon on next Thursday afternoon at half-past one o'clock at her residence, 410 Sherbourne street.

Miss Florence Phillips entertained the Euchre Club last Monday evening very nicely. The club meets next Monday at Miss Suckling's home, in Bloor street.

Mr. John Taylor of Florsheim, two of his family and Miss Winnett are stopping at the Royal Victoria, Nassau, enjoying the lovely weather of the tropics.

A small informal afternoon tea was given by Miss Devigne and Miss Faulquier of Grenville street last Saturday afternoon. Among those present were Miss Vera Morgan, Miss Medland, Miss Tessie Devigne, Miss Nora Sullivan, the Misses Arnold, Miss Hellwell, the Misses Kingsmill, Miss Campbell, the Misses Watt, Miss Armour, Miss Proctor, Miss Ellis, Miss Ogden, Miss Mildred Stewart and Miss Perram of Hamilton.

This afternoon Dr. "Habitant" Drummond of Montreal gives a reading in the Chemical Building, Queen's Park, in aid of the Convocation Hall fund. After this charming event is over, Mrs. Loudon will receive invited guests to meet Dr. Drummond at 83 St. George street, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock. In the evening Professor James Mavor will

'Pink Peony'
SEELY'S
Latest
Odor
A perfume of refinement. At all druggists.

MEDELSSOHN CHOIR CONCERT
Massey Music Hall, Jan. 30th, 1902

A. S. VOGT, Conductor.
Assisting Artists:
HAROLD BAUER, Pianist.
MARY HESSEN DE MOSS, Soprano.
Plan at Massey Hall, open to subscribers on January 23rd, 24th and 25th. To the public on and after January 27th. Tickets, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75 cents.

Male Chorus Club
Ninth Annual Concert.
Massey Hall | Feb. 6th, 1902.

Assisting Artists:
J. GERARDY (Cello).
MME. MACDONA (Soprano).
Subscription lists now open at all piano and music stores and with all members.

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21 NORTH STREET
(Close to Bloor Street West)

Consultation and examination free.
Every facility for the treatment of diseases without the use of drugs. We make a specialty of Chronic cases. Experienced lady assistant. Testimonials and literature upon application by mail or in person.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

A Word to the Public
AS TO
Our Methods in the Past and Our
Platform for the Present Year.

OUR business for the past year has been the largest in our history. Year by year the volume of our business steadily increases. Our success is due partly to the excellence of the Pianos and Organs which we handle, but principally to our methods. First, there is our system of plain figures. A child can come to 188 Yonge Street and read the cash price and the time price on any article in our warerooms.

Then there is the fact that we have done more than anyone else in the trade to eliminate the canvasser. By far the greatest portion of our trade is done with customers who visit our warerooms (or write to us) without solicitation.

Now mark this point, if you please. The cutting down of our canvassing staff has resulted in a great saving in expenses for salaries, and enables us to give those attractive prices in our warerooms which are the surprise of all callers.

We don't like sending canvassers to customers any more than customers like having canvassers call. You can help us to eliminate the canvasser by reading our advertisements carefully and then calling upon us or writing to us.

The Dominion Cottage Piano

One of the successes of our present season's business is the DOMINION COTTAGE PIANO. It is popular for many reasons. It fills the need of those who live in apartments and wish something small, neat, of good tone and moderate price; it suits those who wish a piano in the upstairs sitting-room, even though they may have a Grand in the drawing-room. For specification see lower right hand corner of this advertisement.

We sell this attractive piano on terms of \$10 cash and \$6 per month, without interest, for **\$250** Or we will give a discount of \$40.00 for cash, making the net price **\$210**

N.B.—We now make a special offer on this particular style. If you can make a considerable cash payment, or terms of payment better than \$6.00 per month, and pay interest on the balance, we will give you the benefit of the cash price, \$210.00. In any case, write us at once as to the best terms of payment which you can offer and we will try to meet you.

N.B.—A stool and a scarf accompany each piano free of charge. Freight paid to any station in Ontario. Special rates to other points in Canada upon application.

—We ship on approval to any point in Canada. The customer, if not satisfied, may return the instrument within 15 days of arrival. We pay the freight.
—We reserve the right to refuse orders coming from towns or districts where the sale of these instruments is in other hands.

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Hamilton Warerooms:
66 King St. West
188 Yonge St., Toronto

SHEA'S THEATER

EVENING PRICES, 25 and 50. MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25.

Re-Apparance of
PAPINTA
Greatest of all Mirror and Fire Dancers.

ALBERT BELLMAN & LOTTIE MOORE
Presenting "Hester's Promise."

ROSA MAYNOR'S
Educated Birds.

LOTTA GLADSTONE
The Quaint Country Girl.

TOM MACK
Monologist.

DEONZO BROS.
Barrel Jumper.

Special Extra Attraction

STALEY & BIRBECK

The Musical Blacksmiths.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY

THE LAUGHING EVENT OF THE SEASON

MR. FRANK KINTZING PRESENTS

The MATHEWS & BULGER Success

THE NIGHT OF THE FOURTH

Book By George Ade. Lyrics By J. Sherrie Mathews.

Staged By Harry Bulger. Music By Max Hoffman.

EXCELLENT CAST EXCRUCIATINGLY FUNNY MUSICALLY DELIGHTFUL

Burt Haverly and a Clever Contingent of Comedians.

PRICES First 12 Rows.....75c. MATS. Second 12 Rows.....50c. 25 and 50 Balcony.....50c. and 25c.

receive in his artistic home, 8 University crescent, when he has arranged a reception for the Canadian Society of Authors to meet their distinguished Montreal member. This event is timed from eight to eleven o'clock. Dr. Drummond is so popular as a man and as an author in Toronto that everyone is looking forward to his visit and an opportunity of hearing and meeting him with great pleasure.

Mrs. J. B. Millar of 98 Wellesley street, a very popular and winning little hostess, gave a house-warming tea in her new home at the above address

EXTRAORDINARY VALUES

Oriental Rugs

25% off in January

We will offer during this month our entire stock of Turkish and Persian Rugs, Carpets, Palace Stripes, etc., at 25% off their regular prices.

The finest and largest collection of genuine Oriental Rugs ever shown in Toronto can be seen now at our Art Room, No. 40 King St. E.

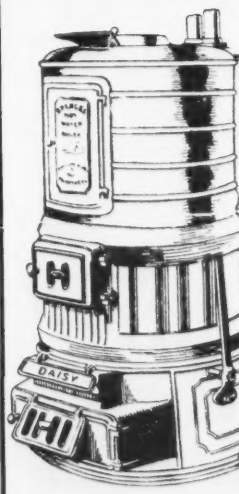
We invite the intending Rug buyers to take advantage of this great opportunity and secure these bargains.

L. BABAYAN & CO., 40 King St. E., Toronto.

—“Daisy” Heat—

Daisy heat in every sense of the word—the healthiest of heat—hot water. No home should be without it. The “Daisy” is an easy running, slow-burning boiler—one that a child can operate.

It's the only one on the market with a water-header on the back. It's made in ten sizes. Can be put together rapidly. Write for Catalogue.



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last Friday, which was a very “happy event” and much enjoyed by her guests. She wore a quiet and effective dress of black velvet-dotted mousseline de soie over white silk, with black applications. Roses and carnations were used to beautify the reception and drawing-

rooms, and the tea-table was very sweetly done with violets, white roses and ferns and shaded candles. Mrs. Millar and Miss Peuchen were in the drawing-room. Miss Nan Thompson, Miss Dickson and Miss Posen were at the tea-table.

The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited

HEAD OFFICE—DUFFERIN STREET

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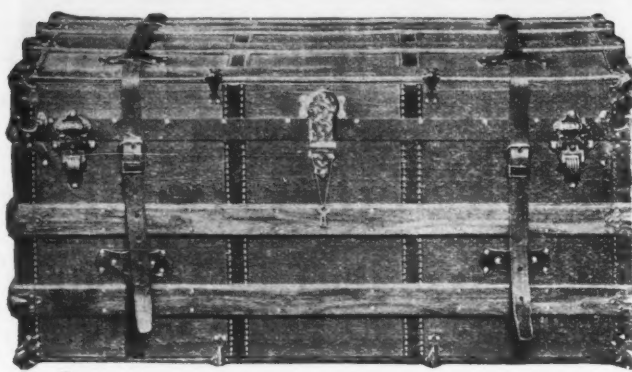
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The 42-inch Length

Ladies' Dress Trunks

All our Dress Trunks have the 7 inch Hat Tray, with two divisions and two Dress Trays, and bottom space fitted with end and cross tapes.

No. 861—Has the rubber cushion corners, all riveted, leather bound, two straps, best lock, bolts and clamps. Price.....\$19.00
No. 860—\$21.00.....Other Designs.....No. 862—\$15.00

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Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 KING STREET WEST

Is There a Man?

Who doesn't want to own a cosy, healthy home—is there one of us that isn't working towards that end?

So this is a popular question—the question of heating—the question of radiators.

The "Safford" is the only perfect radiator—it's made without bolts or packing—can't leak, therefore guarantees comfort—and is a money-saver on the coal bill.

Write for a booklet.

The Dominion Radiator Co.
LIMITED
Head Office:
DUFFERIN ST., TORONTO, CAN.

Social and Personal.

A New York dramatic critic says of "our own Margaret": "That wonderfully interesting young actress, Miss Margaret Anglin, has scored another decided success in the new play, 'The Wilderness,' at the Empire. It is a society comedy by H. V. Esmond."

Mrs. Woodbridge has sent out cards for a tea next Thursday afternoon at four o'clock at 68 Prince Arthur avenue.

Mrs. Creelman of Queen's Park and her family have returned from Quebec.

Miss Ethel Townsend of 32 Cecil street is giving a dance on Tuesday evening, February 4th, from 8.30 to 1.30.

Mrs. Balfour of Huron street was the hostess of a most pleasurable informal euche party on Wednesday evening, given for her daughters' young friends. Eight tables were arranged in the drawing and dining-rooms. Pink carnations and ferns ornamented the rooms. Mrs. Balfour was handsomely gowned in black silk, veiled in black grenadine, with applique. The prizes, a first, and one for the lone hand, were a beautiful brass candlestick and a Venetian glass bonbonniere.

An interesting event next Thursday afternoon will be the wedding of Mr. Wilson and Miss Montgomery, and many friends will attend the reception afterwards.

Miss Agnes Vickers, who was so very ill some time since, is gradually recovering her strength and has been welcomed back to several of the smaller functions by friends who missed her greatly.

Miss Eva Anderson of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. W. W. Anderson of 163 Cowan avenue, Parkdale. Miss Anderson will be at home on Monday evening next.

Miss Mary Perrin of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. Morgan of Lowther avenue. Miss Thompson of Belleville is visiting Mrs. R. C. Clute of Bloor street.

Mrs. Clute was the hostess of a very enjoyable afternoon at home last Wednesday, and received in the drawing-room of her handsome home in a beautiful costume of black silk net over black silk, the corsage wrought with sequins and finished with touches of turquoise velvet. Miss Clute received with her mother, in a pale blue organdie over white silk, with trimmings and sash of white satin. Miss Falconbridge, Miss Emily Falconbridge, Miss Alice Flury, Miss Viola Flury, Miss Lillie Burton and Miss Thompson of Belleville were in the tea-room. Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Laidlaw, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Keefe, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mrs. and

Miss Lister, Mrs. and Miss King, Mrs. Carveth, Mrs. and Miss Lamport, Miss Mills of Guelph, Mrs. and Miss Cross, Miss Hazel Wright, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. M. S. Biggar, Mrs. George Burton, were some of the guests.

Miss Sparks of Ottawa is the guest of Hon. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon.

Arrangements have been made by the Grey County Old Boys' Association to hold an At Home in St. George's Hall on Monday evening, February 3. This association now numbers over five hundred members, and though the newest of the "old boy" movements, is said to be the largest organization of its kind.

Mrs. Fraser of Huron street brought out her young daughter, Miss Ruth, at a tea on Wednesday, which was much enjoyed by many friends, who welcomed the debutante cordially. She looked very nice in a blue and white foulard trimmed with white lace. A very pretty tea-table was done in pink satins and pink silk veiled with tulle, and lighted with pink-shaded candles in silver stands.

Mr. Douglas Valle of London, Eng., is the guest of Mrs. E. W. Coles, Glen road.

On Wednesday Mrs. Reginald Case of Ontario street was the hostess of a matinee euche. She received in a handsome dress of bisque voile over rose taffeta, with point lace and Oriental trimmings. Her daughter, Miss Johnson, who received with her, wore a charming old rose dress with touches of black and white. After playing nine games dainty refreshments were served and the pretty prizes distributed. Some of those present were Mrs. E. E. Sheppard, Mrs. Eakins, Mrs. Roland, Mrs. Stanbury Finch, Mrs. Higman, Mrs. Thomas Dunnet, Miss Ashley Dunnet, Mrs. McColl, Miss Edith Thompson, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Clark, Miss Snarr, Mrs. Jack Boyd, Mrs. Kerman, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Harry Darrell, and others.

Miss Callaghan of Kingston, a bright journalist, is visiting her aunt at the Arlington.

A gentleman resident of Madison avenue whose wife affects a tiny toy doggie as a pet, was half amused and half annoyed to be summoned for keeping the wee canine without a license. He had to pay a fine, and is wondering whether the dog is big enough to carry the tag.

The various card clubs which relieve the dullness of Lent are being gotten together. An added interest in whist is being taken, consequently, no doubt, in a measure, upon the instruction so ably given by a visiting expert.

Mrs. Henderson of Montreal, wife of

the late Canon Henderson, and Miss Henderson, have returned from England, and purpose spending the winter in Toronto, having taken 36 Gloucester street for their residence.

The young bachelors' dance is a near fixture which will be given at McConkey's. I hear very nice arrangements are in course of completion for it.

Osgoode, 'Varsity and Trinity dances are the only public affairs yet to come off, which, with the three weddings before Lent, will be half a dozen interesting events.

Mrs. J. W. Leonard of Winnipeg is the guest of Mrs. A. Bruce Smith, Madison avenue.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice C. Cross, second daughter of Mr. F. O. Cross, manager of the Bank of Commerce, St. Catharines, to Mr. Gilbert S. Minty, youngest son of Mr. F. C. Minty, Toronto.

Miss McCall of Simcoe is visiting the Misses Dalton, Isabella street.

Old Age.

PROFESSOR JOWETT, the great master of Balliol College, had wise words to speak on the crucial topic of growing old. He wrote to a friend:

"The later years of life appear to me, from a certain point of view, to be the best. They are less disturbed by care and the world; we begin to understand that things really never did matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in their true proportion, instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor overanxious to stay. We cannot see into another life, but we believe, with an inextinguishable hope, that there is something still reserved for us."

It is worth while to remember his hints for old age, full, as they are, of a practical wisdom:

Beware of the coming on of age, for it will not be defied.

A man cannot become young by over-exerting himself.

A man of sixty should lead a quiet, open-air life.

He should collect the young about him.

He should set other men to work.

He ought, at sixty, to have acquired authority, reticence and freedom from personality.

He may truly think of the last years of life as being the best, and every year as better than the last, if he knows how to use it.



Captured by the Pie-rates.—"Judge."

Flower Names Favored.

Smart society favors flower names. There are Lady Rosemary Cairns, Lady Lily Miles and Lady Violet Beauchamp. Lady Essex's little girl is Lady Iris Capell, Lady Angela Forbes's child is called Marigold, and Lady Algernon Lennox's daughter has the name of Ivy. One of the Miss Finches owns the uncommon name of Jasmine.—"M. A. P."

Modest Fees.

LAWYERS do not usually get the small end of a bargain with their clients, but the "Green Bag" recalls two incidents where the clients had rather the best of it.

Sir Walter Scott's first client was a burglar. He got the fellow off, but the man declared that he hadn't a penny to give him for his services. Two bits of useful information he offered, however, and with these the young lawyer had to be content. The first was that a yelping terrier inside the house was a better protection against thieves than a big dog outside; and the second, that no sort of lock bothered his craft so much as an old rusty one.

Small compensation as this was, the first brief of the noted French lawyer, Monsieur Rouher, yielded still less. The peasant for whom Monsieur Rouher won the case asked how much he owed him.

"Oh, say two francs," said the modest young advocate.

"Two francs!" exclaimed the peasant. "That is very high. Won't you let me off with a franc and a half?"

"No," said the counsel; "two francs or nothing."

"Well, then," said his client, "I'd rather pay nothing."

And with a bow he left.

Anticipated the Permission.

MINISTERS have many interesting and amusing experiences.

A clergyman of Duluth, Minn., was engaged in conversation with a number of friends the other day, when each started telling stories of weddings he had performed. One of the party had this to offer:

Some time ago a great big fellow,

STOCK-TAKING SALE



WOLFE, Ladie Tailor and Furrier, 107 Yonge St.

Are you looking for a bargain in furs? Well, after taking stock we find quite a few very handsome novelties in Scarves, Muffs, Capelines, etc., in Stone and Balm. Russian, Hudson Bay and Alaska Sables, White, Blue, Alaska and Red Fox, also a few odd sizes in Seal, Persian Lamb and Electric Seal Coats, plain or trimmed with other furs. A straight 33% discount off regular prices. We guarantee all goods to be of our own manufacture, made of finest selected skins; style and fit all that can be desired.

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It makes the skin smooth, removes wrinkles, lines, freckles, pimples, etc., etc., at most drug stores, or mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. by

The Hutchings Medicine Co., Toronto

when the preacher announced: "Kiss the bride."

The bridegroom, on bended knee, hesitated a little, tried to say something and couldn't.

"Kiss the bride," said the pastor.

"Why, parson, I did, afore I come here at all," replied the bridegroom, whose face had taken the color of a June rose.

The witnesses burst forth in laughter, while the minister had all he could do to retain the serious expression which he always wore when wedding people.

The life-blood of a nation is not that yellow tide which fluctuates in the arteries of trade. . . . Its true revenues are religion, justice, sobriety, magnanimity, and the fair amenities of art. . . . It is only by the soul that any people has achieved greatness and made lasting conquests over the future.—Emerson.

No Business to be Alive.

THERE is no name more honored among physiologists than that of Virchow, the great German scientist, nor is there any man who has done more than he to prolong human life and alleviate human suffering. Nevertheless, he is not infallible, and the London "Standard" tells an amusing story of at least one mistaken diagnosis which he made.

As private practice interfered with his scientific studies, Virchow practised medicine only a very short time. But one day in later life, while his students were waiting for their lecture at the hospital, a gentleman knocked at the door of the professor's private room and stated that he was not feeling well, and wished to consult the savant. Professor Virchow examined the man carefully, and then said:

"Why, my good friend, you have no

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business to be alive at all! You are suffering from three complaints, each one of which has long since arrived at a stage which ought to have caused your death. This is a most interesting case; it shows that one must not always believe in theory."

The patient began to feel uncomfortable, but Professor Virchow, in his professional enthusiasm, did not notice either the effect of his words or the "comical side of the situation. He added: "Would you mind stepping into the next room? I should like to show you to some gentlemen who are there."

With ill-concealed nervousness, the patient followed the professor into the lecture-room, where he was introduced as an interesting case, and was obliged to remain while the professor described the nature of the three diseases and the progress they had made. On hearing again that he was practically a dead man the patient felt a strong desire to get home, and left at once.

Just what part in his recovery was played by increased care and home remedies is not known, but the man is still alive. When Professor Virchow celebrated his eightieth birthday recently, the man who ought to have been dead years ago was among those who sent their congratulations.

A Scientist's Joke.

AMONG the eminent scientists attending the recent convention of the American Naturalists' Association at the University of Chicago little disposition was shown to enliven the reading and discussion of papers on profound topics, hence the gathering had little attraction for persons not familiar with the sciences.

In the recess following a morning session one of the learned bacteriologists indulged in a little light talk with others of his class. They were inspecting an exhibit of instruments. The professor, growing reminiscent, told of a practical joke he had played on an esteemed member of the medical profession. The latter did not believe in the germ theory and refused to pursue any study in that direction, holding that it was all bosh. The more the bacteriologist insisted the more doubting the doctor became.

"There is no such thing as germs in tuberculosis. I will not believe it," declared the physician, a native of the Fatherland.

"Yes, but I have bacilli which I can show you under the microscope and prove my assertion," replied the professor.

"Und id has head und tail?" queried the doctor.

"Certainly. Come to my laboratory and I'll show it to you," said the bacteriologist.

The doctor visited the laboratory and the scientist showed him the specimen

under the microscope. A peculiar looking, wiggling object with the head of a monster and feathers sticking forth like the warpath headgear of a savage Indian was presented.

"Main gracious! Und dot ding is alive?" cried the doctor. "No wonder the germs can ravage a man's lungs. I shall get me a microscope at once."

The doctor was converted to the germ theory, but the wicked bacteriologist failed to reveal to him that the bacillus shown in the microscope was a common flea "obtained from the body of the scientist's pet house dog."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Burns—Jan. 8, Toronto, Mrs. S. T. Burns, a daughter.
Doble—Jan. 6, New York, Mrs. A. R. Doble, a daughter.
Sheppard—Jan. 8, Keswick, Mrs. C. B. Sheppard, a daughter.
Wadsworth—Jan. 1, Toronto, Mrs. W. R. Wadsworth, a son.
Grant—Jan. 19, Toronto, W. J. Grant, a son.
Coultter—Jan. 11, Toronto, Mrs. W. Coultter, a daughter.
Daniel—Jan. 13, Toronto, Mrs. C. C. Daniel, a son.
Andrews, Jan. 13, Toronto, Mrs. Ed. B. Andrews, a son.

Marriages.

Kirk—Douglas—Jan. 8, Chatham, Henry Kirk to Julia Douglas.
Cowper—Sprague—Jan. 9, Owen Sound, Thomas D. Cowper to Maria Louisa Sprague.
Jackson—Martin—Jan. 1, Toronto, Thomas Jackson to Lottie Martin.

Deaths.

Ball—Jan. 7, Guelph, Marianne Mackenzie Brown Ball, aged 77.
Palmer—Jan. 8, Toronto, Henry D. Palmer, aged 56.
Nelson—Jan. 9, St. Catharines, John Nelson, aged 25.
Scadding—Jan. 10, Toronto, Jane Bright Scadding, aged 88.
Kane—Jan. 13, Toronto, Isabella Blacklock Kane, aged 42.
Kilner—Jan. 14, Toronto, William Kilner, aged 55.
Irish—Jan. 15, Toronto, Jane Fleming Irish.
Hueson—Jan. 15, Toronto, Mrs. Henry Hueson, aged 88.
Campbell—Jan. 12, Woodstock, Eliza Ann Craig Campbell.

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